National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE CONTENTED SLAVE.

From The N. O. Picayune, Dec. 14.

THE proceedings in Massachusetts recently, in the case of the slave Betty, whom no seductions, coercions or artifice could draw away from her mistress, afford some points for pointed comment upon abolition insincerity.

This girl, Betty, had been staying at Lawrence, Mass., with her master and mistress, whose home and here is in Tennessee. Betty has a husband and children in Tennessee, and was contented with her condition, and anxious to go home.

Nevertheless, some of the Lawrence philanthropists, who have so much more sympathy to expend upon the ideal sufferings of blacks than on the urgent wants of the white poor around them, endeavoured to persuade her to run away from her owners, as they showed her she had the right to do, by the laws of Massachusetts. In this they could not succeed. Betty loved her mistress, and did not wish to leave her. The next attempt was to get her away by a judicial process. A writ of habeas corpus was sued out, and the girl brought before Chief-Justice Shaw. But to obtain such a writ it was necessary for somebody to make an oath before a magistrate that Betty was restrained in her liberty against her will. This was not true, in fact, but somebody was found to swear that it was. In most States, swearing to what is not true, in a judicial process, constitutes the legal crime of perjury. Among this class of Massachusetts Abolitionists, it is, apparently, resorted to without scruple to accomplish an object. The girl was brought up before the Court. It there appeared that her master and mistress did not deny her right. She was privately examined by the Judge, and instructed that she was at liberty to go where she pleased. She was beset by importunities to go with her self-chosen tutors, and taunted with her choice of being a slave. She persisted, and went home to her master and mistress, and stays with them.

Upon this pertinacity of abolitionism, in attempting to induce this girl to quit her only home and trust herself to the chances which make the life of the blacks of the North one of friendless toil, degradation and misery, the Boston *Courier* makes some pungent commentaries, especially on the glaring hypocrisy of the sentimentalists, who complain so loudly that the sanctity of the marriage compact among slaves is not protected at the South, and that families are sometimes inhumanly separated. Here was a married woman, with husband and children in Tennessee, and these pious friends leave no stone unturned—not stopped by the little difficulty of being compelled to make a false oath—for the purpose of inducing a wife to desert her husband and children! For the indulgence of a maudlin sentiment at the cost of true humanity, or for the support of a cranky theory without remorse for the consequences, they laboured, by crooked practices, to inflict, wilfully, upon one family of slaves the worst of the evils they complain of as the crime of slaveholding. The effort to constrain or delude a wife into the abandonment of husband and home, to become what the free negroes of Boston are, is a glaring proof how little of real soundness of principle there is in these agitators, and how infinitely small is their real interest in the well-being of the blacks.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Absconded from my plantation, near Tigerville, between the 1st and 15th of August, my negro man SAM, 6 feet 1 or 2 inches high, stout built, and an extraordinary fine looking man, a grif, about 25 years of age. The above reward will be paid if lodged in jail, or returned to me at my plantation. M. KNIGHT.
o19—Wtf

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Absconded from my plantation, near Tigerville, between the 1st and 15th of August, my negro man CELESTIN, about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, slim built, a black, about 28 years of age, a creole, raised on the Coast, and speaks French and broken English. The above reward will be paid if lodged in jail, or returned to my plantation. [o19—Wtf] M. KNIGHT.

JUST Arrived with a large lot of VIRGINIA NEGROES, consisting of Plantation hands, Blacksmiths, House Carpenters, Cooks, Washers and Ironers, Seamstresses and House Servants. The undersigned will be receiving fresh supplies during the season, which he offers for sale, for cash or approved paper, at HAGAN'S Old Stand, corner of Esplanade and Moreau streets, New Orleans. JOHN B. SMITH.
s21—Smd&We

VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND NEGROES.
Removal from Esplanade street.
The subscriber has this day returned with a large and general assortment of NEGROES from the above States, which he will sell for cash or on time for city acceptances. New lots will be received during the season. This new establishment is on Baronne street, Nos. 71 and 73, between Gravier and Common, convenient to all the merchants, and only the second street west of the St. Charles Hotel.
WALTER J. CAMPBELL, 71 and 73 Baronne street, between Gravier and Common.
aull 57—d&Wly

DOUGLAS DENOUNCED.

From The New Orleans Bee.

THE Black Republican Party, which was defeated in nearly all the political contests of the past summer and fall, and which seemed on the brink of dissolution, has recently been galvanized into renewed symptoms of vitality and vigour. The skilful and successful operator in this great work is Senator Douglas, who, though formerly styled a Benedict Arnold, a Judas and a traitor by the Free-Soil sheets, is now beplastered with panegyric, and extolled as a pure patriot and profound statesman. The honorable Senator is unquestionably entitled to the measureless laudation and eternal gratitude of the enemies of the South. He has availed himself of his prominent position as the representative of Western sentiment, and of his powerful influence as the leading champion of Democracy in the United States Senate, to adopt a line of policy which revives the sinking energies of the anti-slavery faction, and inspires them with fresh hopes of the future. He has deliberately and dispassionately assumed a position in reference to Kansas that necessarily places him in quasi-hostility to the Administration. He combats the Lecompton Constitution, advocates its rejection, and proposes to pass a bill to enable the people of Kansas to form a new Constitution.

Mr. Buchanan, in his late message, leans slightly to the cause of justice. He has not the moral hardihood openly and manfully to approve of the Lecompton Constitution, but he rightly concludes that as all the disturbances and discussions in Kansas turned upon the question of slavery, and as that Constitution affords the people an opportunity of regulating their domestic institutions to suit themselves, the Convention has complied with the intent and meaning of the Kansas Nebraska act. This is doctrine which, though barely acceptable to the South, is grossly unpalatable to the North. Still, we believe that in the discouraged and disorganized condition in which Black Republicanism found itself after the late elections, it would have been unable to do more than enter a languid protest against the views of the President. But behold! In the hour of gloom and despondency, the broken ranks of Free Soil became strengthened and consolidated. Just at the moment when a vigorous effort on the part of the National Democracy was alone required to quell discontent at the South, to utterly prostrate anti-slavery at the North, and to secure to Kansas a peaceful admission into the family of States, Stephen A. Douglas turns recreant to his professed faith, and leagues himself with the enemies of order, equal rights and the Union. Being a man of mark, the putative author of the Kansas bill, the sometime leader and darling of the Democracy, this defection is of the highest moment. Such a man does not stand alone in his abandonment of the South. He carries with him a host of National Democrats, who, however fishy on the slavery question, remained apparently true while their leaders were firm. Elsewhere we publish some of the expressions of sentiment ventured by this tribe of tender-footed politicians, who are delighted to plant themselves squarely on this new platform erected by Douglas, and to support themselves by clinging to his broad shoulders. But if this were the worst, we might say, "let them go." They never were trustworthy, and their treachery at the first suitable opportunity was to be expected. The gravamen of Douglas's iniquity lies much more in the aid and comfort he has extended to Black Republicanism than in having detached from the support of the South a number of miserable party hacks, whose sincerity was always questionable.

The consequences of this movement can scarcely be exaggerated, and we believe that we have before us the inevitable contingency of a Nebraska anti-slavery coalition in 1860, which will sweep everything before it, as with the force of a whirlwind. The forerunners of this event are already perceptible. Let any one peruse the Black Republican journals, and note their defiant, exulting tone, since Douglas—the exponent of the Democracy of the West—has struck hands with them. They now calculate upon annihilating the Administration majority in the House—perhaps in the Senate. They predict the rejection of the Lecompton Constitution by the defection of the Western Democrats, and we are afraid they are reckoning with their host. Douglas has done incalculable mischief by taking ground against Mr. Buchanan on this Kansas question—mischief that outweighs a thousandfold his past services. We fear that he has made up his mind to cast his lot with the dominant party in the free States, and his position is but the precursor of a formal affiliation with Black Republicanism.

IS THE LITTLE GIANT DEFUNCT?

Washington Correspondence of The South.

THE friends of the Little Giant insist that he has not been killed off in the Kansas imbroglio, and that there is hope yet for him. They insist that his position is not one of decided and intractable opposition to the Administration. They argue that the question is not of that magnitude as to involve such grave consequences; and they assure you that Mr. Buchanan is not so sensitive on the Kansas matter as to regard as inimical to his Administration those well-tried Democrats who differ from him as to how far the action of the Lecompton Convention should be sustained, not from any defection or any sentiment of hostility, but in adhering to what they esteem principle, in conforming to their antecedency, and in following out the honest convictions of their minds.

These are very plausible and fine excuses. But, on the other hand, it is contended that all this parade of principle, and antecedency is merely intended to cover Senator Douglas's shameful tergiversation from the party, and his evasion of the duty he has so long professed as owing to the constitutional rights of the South. He has violated the sensitive confidence of the South, and has lost it forever. He has exhibited a spirit the most reckless and malignant in distracting the Democratic party. He has not repelled the advances of the Free-Soilers, but has taken them into his friendship and confidence, and is found using the abolition journals of New York as his organs, and making special communications of his views through them, in advance of their legitimate publication. These circumstances import more than an honest difference of opinion with the Administration on an incidental issue; they betray the real position of the distinguished Senator as a falsifier of his pledge to the South, an enemy to Democratic harmony, an ally of the Free-Soilers, a friend "well-met" of Seward's, and the newest abolition pet of *The Tribune*.

And the honourable Senator from Illinois, you may be assured, is dead politically and forever. A man of less note than Senator Douglas, who carried in his political shiftings less weight and responsibility, who had not so thoroughly committed himself to the State Rights Democracy of the country, and who had made less parade of championship in its cause, might recover his position. But for him, the choice spirit of the constitutional Democracy, he forfeits everything in his apostacy,

"And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

Selections.

SCHEMES OF THE FIRE-EATERS.

[The Washington correspondent of *The Independent*, who is understood to be a member of Congress, writes what we publish below. *We* do not believe that the fire-eaters are in earnest in their threats to withdraw from the Union; their object being only to bully and frighten the North.]

THE eyes of an agitated country are now turned upon this national centre, and every honest heart palpitates with unwonted interest. The beginning is to find its end, the cause is to produce its result. The country is to judge whether the prophecies uttered at the time national faith was smitten down in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise are to have their fulfilment. The Kansas question is approaching its climax, and no power but the All-powerful can prevent it. The Websterian anodyne, drawn from the peculiarity of the climate of that Territory, and the catch-phrase of "popular sovereignty," have thus far alike been powerless to prevent the irruption of slavery marauders, or check the wild pro-slavery fanaticism of the Pierce or Buchanan Administration in the affairs of this distracted Territory. The people have been trodden under foot, their elections have been solemn farces, their rulers have been elected and appointed for them by persons wholly inimical to their interests; and at last a double-headed pro-slavery Constitution is to be forced down their necks by a Convention of men brought together for that purpose from one-half the slave States of the Union, advised, counselled and backed by the Executive authorities of the nation. On Monday civil war is inaugurated in that Territory, or a craven people submit to foreign usurpation, and bend their necks to receive the iron collar which this Administration and Congress will fasten upon them with peculiar pleasure, baptizing the slaves thus fettered in the name of popular sovereignty and pure Democracy. My own opinion is that the intensely hot Southerners, or the "fire-eaters," so-called, who control this as they did the previous Administration, prefer civil war to the submission of the people, because it will best accomplish their nefarious ends. No means have been, no means will be, left untried by them to provoke the freemen to a revolt or resistance to Federal authorities, in order, upon a charge of treason, to drive red-handed slaughter through the Territory by the Federal army. The hatred of these "fire-eaters" is as intense as the heat of molten iron. Goaded and chafed by the flood of light which is breaking upon their abominable, wicked and tyrannical institution from the political, literary and moral world, they act more like infuriated wild beasts than sober men upon this subject. If the cool, sober Northern blood in Kansas can be brought to the point of rebellion against this net-work of tyranny, which for years has been weaving around them, they know that it will be no sudden spasm, but a deliberate and solemn decision, once formed and perfected, never to be given up or laid aside but in victory or their death. With them will go the hearts, arms, wealth and united power of the great North, North-West and East. The Administration, their peculiar and quiet tool, will concentrate and put in operation the army of the United States. If the Congress refuse to sustain the Executive, if an aroused North find an echo for its voice in the alarmed consciences and consistent votes of its representatives here, and the President find himself at loggerheads with Congress, then the desired point will have been reached, and the Senators and Representatives of the ultra fire-eating Southern stripe will withdraw from the halls of Congress, and initiate a new Southern Confederacy, and the hours of the Union are numbered, or the Administration finds itself involved in a double-headed civil war, with which it will be unable to cope. The spirit of perdition itself will appear in its most exultant mood on the countenances of its elect here. The end of the sad beginning will then have come. The effect will have followed and partaken of the character of its primal cause. There has been more in this Kansas question from its inception than has been apparent to the people. There have been movements on this checkered chess-board which have been shrouded by a veil from the public eye; and if the North is check-mated, or the disastrous end comes that destroys our Union fabric, it will then be comparatively easy to trace the steps of fulfilled prophecy. To prophesy now is but to incur the sneers of ignorant wiseacres who imagine that political fabrics are as imperishable as their native soil, or the jeer of the scoundrels who know their strength and the safety of their plans rests in this same security and blindness of the people. Good men will read these prognostications of mine, and a smile of pity for my enthusiasm or my fears will curl their lips, but let them stand in this centre of political currents, and watch the whirling straws and public movements with a close, scrutinizing eye, and the smile of scornful pity would pass, while anxiety and sadness would assume its place.

If the conversations and movements of political cabals here were to be published to the country; if the plans and counter-plans of these fire-eating disunionists, since the first Monday of December even, were to see the light of day, political parties in the North and West would die in a day, and an outraged people would almost unanimously demand the heads of these traitors against the liberties and union of the Confederacy. This is my opinion. I do not ask that any man should commit himself to my views without a knowledge of the facts upon which I base them, but I do ask all my readers to watch closely "the signs of the times" in the events now transpiring, and those at our very doors in the future. I have watched this question long and anxiously. A comparison of the events of the last Congress, the whole published history of that much abused Territory from the day of its very existence—its *four* Governors and their official acts, and beheading—its private history, of which I have copious memoranda, taken upon its soil during the interim of Congress sessions last summer; the testimony of its last semi-removed Governor in his able letter to the Administration, and the few points that crop out from the late able speech of the "Little Giant" on the floor of the Senate, together with the conversation of men here, and the bidden movements, not yet thrown to the surface for the public eye, convince me of the truthfulness of my views. The Union and the liberty of this country hang like the historic sword suspended by a hair, and the people sleep secure in their partisan stupor with the naked point almost touching their vitals. A slight blow would now consign us to national anarchy and death, or fetter twenty millions of freemen with the manacles that bind them as slaves to a despotic power, which knows no mercy, as it knows no justice—*self* usurping the place of humanity and patriotism.

A VOICE FROM SWITZERLAND.

From The Independent.

A LETTER FROM THE SYNOD OF CANTON VAUD TO AMERICAN CHRISTIANS.

[The publication of the following letter has been delayed in consequence of the absence from the country of some of the gentlemen to whose care it was committed:]

By request of the Synod of the Free Church of the Canton Vaud (Switzerland),—who have spontaneously committed the following document to their care—the undersigned lay before their fellow-Christians in the United States the Address of the Synod upon the subject of Slavery. And in order that the object of the Synod may be attained in the publicity of their address, they respectfully request the editors of newspapers, religious and secular, throughout the country, to insert the same in their respective journals at an early day.

The original document, subscribed by the officers and members of the Synod, is in the possession of the undersigned:

JOS. P. THOMPSON, THOS. E. VERMILYE,
STEPHEN H. TYNG, R. S. STORRS, JR.,
ASA D. SMITH, A. D. GILLETTE,
J. KENNADAY.

New York, Dec. 3, 1857.

TO THE CHRISTIANS OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA WHO LABOUR FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN IN JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD: The Synod of the Free Evangelical Church of the Canton of Vaud in Switzerland, considering the institution of slavery to be contrary to the principles of Christianity, and degrading to those who maintain it as well as to its victims, feels bound to express its deep sympathy for the cause you uphold, namely, the emancipation of the slaves throughout the length and breadth of your great republic.

Surely, if it be sad that slavery should still exist eighteen centuries after the Son of God came into the world and angels hailed His advent, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," it is most peculiarly painful for us to hear that Christians, yea even Churches, lend their concurrence to such a state of things, or, at least, bear it without strenuously laboring for its removal. We pray the Lord to open the eyes of all men, but especially of our brethren in Christ, to the crying injustice of slavery; and we beseech Him to cause to reign in every heart that charity of which He is the very fountain and pattern, and in the estimation of which there is "neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all." Oh, when shall the time come when all the tribes of the earth shall be reconciled together, and all beings created after the image of God shall love one another as brethren, and that great promise be fulfilled: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Isa. xi. 9.

Meanwhile, we find comfort and hope in the thought that a great number of Christians in your country lament this evil and labour for the abolition of slavery. We have felt ourselves urged, dear brethren, to hold out to you the right hand of fellowship, and to express our heartfelt wishes for the success of your noble endeavour.

Like yourselves, we consider as anti-Christian that possession of one man by another which degrades to the level of a thing the immortal being made after God's image; and like you, we abhor all the evils consequent on this subversion of the first elements of Christian morals. We consider as criminal that constant insecurity and frequent rupture of the sacred bonds of marriage, which cut at the very root of the divine institution of the Family; lastly, we cannot but shudder at the thought of all the other, if possible, still more frightful disorders entailed by the baneful institution of slavery.

The thought of these evils fills our hearts with sorrow and dismay; with *sorrow* because those sins are committed in a Protestant land, where there are so many thousands of evangelical Churches; and because, being ourselves evangelical Protestants, it seems to us that our brethren's sin is, in some degree, our own; with *dismay* because all this takes place in the midst of a people to whom our European nations and our reformed Churches are accustomed to look, in many respects, with hope and admiration.

Dearly beloved Brethren, who have begun to fight in the holy cause of the abolition of slavery, receive the heartfelt expression of our Christian affection and brotherly sympathy. Be of good courage, brethren, be of good courage; you labour in a cause agreeable to God.

Though far away from the scene of conflict, we yet know something of the difficulties which beset you, from the very gravity of the evil; we know the faith, energy, prudence and perseverance you need to conquer in this good fight.

Once more, be of good courage, and may Christ Jesus our Lord, who has given to the world that new law—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them,"—may Christ Jesus strengthen you for this work of justice and of charity.

Pray, speak, write, act, use every means in conformity with the Gospel; and if the Christians of your own country and of the whole world redouble their prayers and their endeavours, the victory must be yours.

That victory will be complete, and Christian principles will be fully triumphant, when freed slaves and free negroes shall be treated everywhere as becomes the dignity of a being created after the image of God, and called unto salvation in Christ Jesus. Dearly beloved brethren, may your Churches and all their members, in this and every other respect, set an example of that love of our neighbour which knows no respect of persons, and which overthrows every barrier raised by sin between man and man.

Dearly beloved Brethren, we who take the Christian liberty to address you thus, we are very little, we are nothing; but we know that, through faith and prayer, the very weakest may bring help to his brethren. We will, therefore, pray with you and for you, that God may guide you by His spirit of wisdom, that He may keep you from all sin in your undertakings, and that He may one day show you His salvation.

Done at Vevey, May 14, 1857.

Au Nom du Synode:

Le Président: Ls. BURNIER (ancien Pasteur).
Les Vice-Présidents: TROYON (ancien de l'Eglise de Cheseaux), Ls. BRIDEL, Pasteur à Lausanne.
Les Secrétaires: P. LERESCHE (Pasteur), ANTOINE REYMOND, Pasteur.

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THEODE. RIVIER, Père	
JEAN NOE VANCY	

Vevey, May 14, 1857.

AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.—The man West, who was running away from slavery a week or two ago in Indiana, was a Methodist; the man Carmichael, who discharged his revolver at him and returned him to slavery, was a Presbyterian. We will vouch for it the Presbyterian will not be turned out of Church; the Methodist's chance, however, is not quite so good.—*Zion's Herald.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

To the Editor of The London Times:

SIR: Having in former years imbibed the idea, from speeches made in Parliament, and from articles in newspapers similar to that in your leader of the 24th, that our squadron on the West Coast of Africa, so far from diminishing, rather increased the evils of the slave trade, I went to Angola in 1854 fully expecting to find, as you remark, "that this nefarious traffic still subsists as much as ever. When, however, I came in contact with Portuguese who had actually been engaged in the trade, and heard them refer to it invariably in the past tense, my confidence was somewhat shaken in the soundness of Parliamentary information. "Such a man was rich," said they, "in the time of the slave trade." And when I saw boys of 10 or 12 years of age, sold for about 12s. each within 150 miles of the coast, and heard the pathetic lamentation, "Ah! we could have got 60 or 70 dollars for these lads in the time of the slave trade," together with the frank confession by those who, of all others, ought to know best that the prime agents in the repression of the traffic were the English cruisers, I was forced to a different conclusion from that to which the really very plausible statements of various tourists had led me.

These [illegible] (*carregadores*) on the road from the interior to the coast. These carriers are compelled by the Government of Loanda to convey merchandise at the rate of 2d. a day. On examining this system of compulsory labour I found it to be a direct evidence of the efficiency of our cruisers in repressing the slave trade. Thus, previous to 1845, when the squadron was increased to the strength it had before the breaking out of the Russian war, all the merchandise of Angola was brought down to the coast by slaves. The merchants went inland with a few slaves bearing goods, and purchased ivory and bees-wax, with slaves sufficient to carry them. All were intended for exportation, and there was no more difficulty in shipping the human cargo than the loads they carried. But on the augmentation of the force on the coast, the Government resorted to this species of impressment to supply the place of the slaves which were previously all exported. The spectacle of a large gang of slaves marched down to the coast, so common previously to 1845, is now never seen; and if we glance at the Custom-House returns, we find that the receipts for head money gradually diminished from that year till 1850, when none was received. This sacrifice of a large revenue by the Portuguese Government shows that we are not the only people who have made efforts to put down the odious traffic; and if half the honesty of purpose which you civilly ascribe to the Governor of Cuba had characterized the officials sent to Angola, the trade would have entirely ceased. A few incorrigible slave-dealers, winked at by Governors of Loanda, who in words would outmatch General Concha in strenuous endeavours to annihilate the traffic, have continued to export a few loads annually from certain ports north of Loanda. But this has been a difficult game to play, inasmuch as their own countrymen willingly give information to the cruisers for a small consideration, and, being obliged to conceal their shipments from both parties, they stand, as it were, between two fires. So far from brisk is the export trade that I once travelled in company with three native slaveholders who led eight women in a chain away from the coast towards the middle of the country, to sell them for ivory. One of their owners said "that the English cruisers alone prevented their being sold across the sea." And as for the alleged increase of cruelty in the middle passage, any one who reads how slaves were treated when the slave trade was legal will see that it was often even then as bad as it could be. It is of such a heathenish, or rather fiendish, nature that men engaged in it are somehow led to treat their fellow-men immeasurably worse than they would animals of equal or inferior value.

Notwithstanding the very decided influence of the cruisers on the parts I visited, there seems to have been an increase in the traffic since the strength of the cruisers was reduced by the Russian war; and this increase has taken place in the rivers north of Angola. The prostitution of the American flag is a serious drawback to our efforts at suppression. Yet it must be borne in mind that we hear more about it now-a-days; and the increase of our knowledge of an abuse does not imply an actual augmentation of the evil. While our attention is directed in greater numbers of slaves being imported into Cuba, we must not shut our eyes to the fact of another market being closed altogether to the trade, nor forget that the present posture of Brazil is owing to the moral influence of Great Britain. Cuba would, were the trade open, take and kill off 50,000 slaves annually. About two-thirds are kept away from her shores by the present blockade. That, with another large market closed to the traffic, is surely not an ignoble failure.

I have thus ventured to state my conviction in favour of our present system, formed, as it was, from personal observation, and in the teeth of a strong bias to the contrary, that you may, according to your custom, and if you should deem it advisable, give this to your readers by way of helping them to both sides of the question. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the present system of coercion will result in a radical cure of the evil. The cultivation by the Africans on their own soil of the raw materials of our manufactures and the influence of Christian civilization alone will effect a permanent suppression of the slave trade. But all hope of this must be given up if the coast tribes are to be hounded by Europeans to hunt down the defenceless inland inhabitants on the absurd pretence of promoting "free emigration." It is no more true that Africans take delight in hunting, buying and selling each other than that the English glory in hanging themselves in November. I know that this is the case throughout the interior, and I was sorry at the cause of a different state of things on the borders of civilization. But we are ignorant of the sources whence statements such as that referred to arise. From meeting it at various quarters, and more especially in the mouths of slaveholders, or would-be slave employers, I am inclined to think that both it and that about the inefficiency of Her Majesty's cruisers have had their origin in those who are, directly or indirectly, abettors of slavery, and that they are promulgated by many who, like myself, had not the means of testing the truth. I am &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

KIDNAPPING AN INDIANIAN.

From The Indiana State Journal.

UNDER this caption the Coryden *Argus* gives an account of an extraordinary proceeding on the part of some Kentucky slave-catchers that deserves something more than a passing condemnation. It is the duty of the proper authorities of this State to investigate the case at once, and ascertain if a band of marauders under any pretence have dared, without proper warrant, to invade our State and trample the rights of its citizens under foot so defiantly as the men in this affair seem to have done. The *Argus's* account is as follows:

"Some time ago a negro belonging to a Mr. Ditto escaped from servitude, leaving his wife and children still in bondage. It is very natural to suppose that the negro would use every effort to have those who were dear to him also free in Canada, or wherever he was. This, of course, kept the slaveholders on the alert, and every means was employed not only to prevent the family from going, but to secure those who assisted in the escape of the husband, if there were any.

"The next denouement of the case is the coming of two horse-racing, gambling characters, named Johnson and Wethers, who stayed at a Mr. Bell's during the night, with their horses, extending their forays through the day to Brandenburg and vicinity. They professed to come from Brownstown, in this State. These personages seemed to have acted the part of spies over the family of Mr. Bell, where they were staying, remaining, at the same time, in the confidence of the slaveholders. After their plans were fully perfected, a posse of Brandenburgers came over to this State about ten o'clock at night, and, decoying Mr. David W. Bell from his house, forcibly carried him to Kentucky and lodged him in jail. Thus far the slaveholders seem to have been acting exclusively upon the representations of the two fellows, Johnson and Wethers. Afterwards Mr. Charles Bell, son of Mr. D. W. Bell, was arrested in Brandenburg and also thrown in jail."

The *Argus*, in commenting upon this outrage, intimates that the arrest of Mr. Bell was made by the Kentucky mob with no better authority than the report or suspicion of the debauched wretches who had been spying about the family previously. If this is so, if Mr. Bell has been taken out of the State because a couple of vile fellows thought he was concerned in what would be a violation of a Kentucky law, without a warrant that Indiana laws would recognise, a most inexcusable outrage has been perpetrated. Even if a writ from a competent Kentucky court were issued, it leaves the matter but little better. Kentucky warrants are worth nothing in Indiana, and the Louisville *Journal's* excuse, that the arrest was made below "high water mark," as the *Argus* reports it, is no excuse for the villany of decoying a man from his home, forcibly taking him out of his State, to answer to a foreign law. Besides the highest judicial authority that has yet passed upon the question has decided that Kentucky writs are not valid in Indiana, even below "high" or "low water mark." Judge McLean, in a case from Madison, distinctly declared that the service of a Kentucky writ below the line claimed by that State as the limit of her jurisdiction was no service, and should not be recognised. In any view of the case, legal or otherwise, it is an outrage; and if Kentuckians mean to vindicate their claimed rights by such means, they will find it a dangerous process. It will be right and well-deserved if the people of the State shall punish well and promptly the first set of scamps they catch here at any similar enterprise. If they come to take our citizens without law, they may chance to get punished without law. We are no advocates of lawless proceedings, however just, but when a mob from another State defies our laws, they have no right to expect the protection of those laws. If Kentuckians suspect Indianians of harbouring slaves, let them go the proper way to work and ascertain it. There are laws enough, and abominable enough, God knows, for the protection of slave property, and slave-owners, without resorting to such means as those which appear to have been used in Mr. Bell's case.

A SLAVEHOLDER'S LEGACY.

A CURIOUS claim for payment of legacy came before the Scotch law courts last week. Stephen Henderson, a planter in Louisiana, died in 1838, possessed of property valued at £300,000. He was born in the parish of Dunblane, Perthshire, and his fortune would appear to have been altogether self-acquired. He left a will, which set out by protesting against any exception being taken to its form, writing, or spelling. He provides for the conversion of his Destrehan plantation into a city, to be called Dunblane, and gives the following picture of his family: "My whole family may be considered as a family of drunkards, and this misfortune must have come upon the side of my father; although that he was an antiquarian, learned and intelligent, yet to get drunk once a month was to him a jubilee. My mother was a Drummond, a descendant of the M'Gregors, good-natured, but without much capacity. They were honourable and high-minded as respects their intercourse with others, but profligate and indolent as respects the management of their private concerns; being poor, they were always in bankruptcy." He then proceeds to direct that his slaves shall be treated with humanity, and that the adults shall receive three pounds of good beef or pork per week. He says: "I have always treated my blacks with much indulgence and even personal kindness. I have always been opposed to slavery; but as it is a property recognised by the Constitution of the United States, to take that away you would at once destroy the greatest and best regulated government now in the Old or New World. Therefore, all attempts made by the fanatics or misguided people that is going about and preaching, like evil spirits, against turns the head of unfortunate negroes them for the commission of every kind of crime, which compels their masters to limit the very liberty which they formerly awarded to them." He gives directions for the emancipation of his slaves by lot at intervals of five years, and the furnishing of them with a free passage to "our settlement in Africa but;" it must be clearly understood that the benefit now granted to my slaves is not to extend to a murderer or a thief, or a confirmed runaway, or for any other high crime that can be legally proved." Among a number of legacies, he leaves the two which form the subject of the present action in the following terms: "$2,000 per annum to be paid to the poor of the town of Dunblane, in Perthshire, North Britain (this sum to be divided by the resident minister of the Presbyterian Church), and to the two highest civil officers in the town, to be paid upon due proof of their acceptance of their trust, say $2,000; $2,000 for the erection of a school-house in the town of Dunblane for ten years only, and for the purpose of educating of the poor, this being the place of my birth. I feel no obligation, however, for these acts of charity; it is only done to help the poor who, like myself, may be thrown upon the world without a penny or a friend. My greatest object is to do the greatest quantity of good, and to the greatest number of persons, and to the poorest people. I shall leave the world without regret, believing that I shall go to a better and happier one." The pursuers in the action are the Rev. James Boe, minister of the parish, and the Sheriff Substitute and Sheriff Clerk Depute of the western district of Perthshire, Dunblane having no burghal constitution. The defenders are the heirs-at-law, the brothers and sister of the testator, domiciled, we believe, in Scotland. Since 1838 proceedings have been going on in respect to Henderson's will in the courts of Louisiana, and in 1850 the legacies were there declared of none effect, on the grounds that there are three "Presbyterian" ministers in the town of Dunblane (that is the parish ministers and two ministers of Dissenting Presbyterians) and no "highest civil law officers" in the town of Dunblane. It had also been represented to that Court that the effect of the legacy, if paid, would be not to benefit Dunblane, but to relieve the heritors of the county, seeing that the town was unincorporated. The pursuers aver that the invalidity of the bequest was declared in their absence and on *ex parte* evidence. The defenders meet the claim by three preliminary pleas—first, that the pursuers have no title, that the question is *res judicata* by the American Courts, and that this is not a competent Court. The Lord Ordinary (Benholme) repelled these preliminary pleas, and the defenders reclaimed to the First Division, which has now found that the case is not *res judicata*, and that the Court of Session is *forum competens*. The Court, however, reserves the question of title as entering into the merits, and, therefore, has not yet decided whether the pursuers are the parties described in the will as those entitled to recover the legacies in question.

THE IMMIGRATION SLAVE TRADE.

ON Tuesday, November 24, a deputation waited upon the Earl of Clarendon, at the Foreign Office, for the purpose of presenting a memorial from the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society against the immigration slave trade, now being carried on by the French, from the west coast of Africa. It was composed of the following gentlemen: The Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., Scotland; Messrs. R. Hanbury, M.P., Charles Buxton, M.P., Charles Gilpin, M.P., Captain Wilmot, R.N., Captain Coote, R.N.; the Revs. J. Sherman (Blackheath), J. H. Hinton, William Owen, H. Richard, P. Latrobe (London), Dr. Carlile (Woolwich), Messrs. T. F. Buxton, T. H. Gladstone, W. Janson, T. Binns, Josiah Forster, J. Cooper, R. N. Fowler, W. Miles, G. Laishley, R. Alsop, G. L. Neighbour (London), Joseph Sturge, R. C. Barrow (Birmingham), W. T. Blair (Bath), J. Cadbury (Banbury), R. Charleton (Bristol), John Pace (Bury St. Edmunds), John Candler (Chelmsford), Thomas Graham (Coalbrook Dale), J. Burn Murdoch, Jr. (Edinburgh), Samuel Bowley (Gloucester), B. Wyffin (Woburn), James Cropper (Kendal), E. A. Crouch (Liskeard), John Barrow (Lancaster), W. Dendy (Jamaica), W. Robson (Stockton), Dr. N. Shaw, and L. A. Chamerovzow.

The memorial called the Earl of Clarendon's attention to the address presented by a deputation from the society to Viscount Palmerston in July last, on the occasion of the attempt made by the West India body to obtain the sanction of the governments to a general scheme of immigration from the coast of Africa, and dwelt upon the evils which—as had been predicted—had resulted from the adoption of the scheme by the French government, through the agency of the Messrs. Regis and Co., of Marseilles. It stated, on the authority of Mr. Consul Campbell, at Lagos, that the Portuguese and the Spaniards had greatly stimulated the trade in slaves, for they had outbidden the French in their demands for so-called immigrants, and shipped large numbers of negroes; and, as one consequence of this demand for men instead of commodities, the native chiefs were abandoning legitimate commerce to turn their attention again to slave-dealing. Quotations were added from the letters of the Rev. H. Townsend, Church Missionary at Abbeokuta, and from the *Sierra Leone Advertiser*, giving special instances of the injurious operation of the new scheme, and denouncing it as open slave-trading. The memorial concluded by expressing a hope that the government would adopt the promptest means

that the Spratt revival of the trade would be "in utter violation of the principles of humanity, the act of Congress, and the sentiments of the American people." His friend Spratt, then, is "honestly" desirous of being cruel, of being a law-breaker, and of outraging the public feeling of this country. With what sentiments of pity should he regard the woful mental and moral condition of his friend in Charleston!

But, as our correspondent informs us, Mr. Spratt is principally desirous of stealing Africans and bringing them here to be slaves, because in that way a great many heathens, now up to their shoulders in the slough of idolatry, will be converted to the true faith, and changed into tiptop Christians. Now there are two things to be said upon this point. In these essays of Mr. Spratt which we have seen, there appears, notwithstanding the writer's evangelical devotion, to be quite a respect for this world, and this world's goods and chattels. Whatever desire the author may have for a good balance above, he has evidently no objection to a good balance below. He is as much interested in the cotton crop as in Christianity, in molasses as in the missionary enterprise, in sugar as in salvation, in rum and rice as in religion. If he is great in faith, he is also great in figures. While he loves his neighbour as himself (in a Pickwickian sense), Mr. Spratt avows his desire to annihilate the commercial prosperity of the North, and upon its ruins to erect a great Southern trade. These are apostolical traits not heretofore recognized in orthodox Christian circles, and if infidel negroes are to be brought here to be made over into Christians, we think that the qualifications of the pious gentlemen who propose to manufacture them should be strictly scrutinised, since it will be admitted that this must be a delicate operation.

Again, why should the African monopolize our charity? If unhappy infidels are to be taken bodily from their homes and *nolens volens* brought over here to be spiritually polished, why should we not send sacred ships to China, to Siam, to Japan, to Patagonia (where there are very tall sinners), and to other darkened lands, to transport hither the raw material for church-members? In the name of all who "bow down to wood and stone," we demand that other races may be made the happy partakers of Mr. Spratt's benevolence, which in its scheme does not seem to be sufficiently comprehensive. We never could abide partiality.

If Mr. Spratt's views, as stated by his friend, should be regarded, and the missionary slavers despatched, doing the double work of God and Mammon, it will make much change in the invoices of those long, low, black-looking vessels—at least it should. The work of redemption cannot be commenced a moment too soon—for just think of the poor devils who might die upon the passage! Therefore, with the peas must be provided pious books; with the handcuffs, homilies; with the shackles, sermons; with the instruments of torture, tracts. Let no one be shipped, from the Captain to the Jemmy Ducks, unless he can exhibit a certificate of church-membership! Let there be morning and evening service on board, especially during the return voyage! Let it be provided by law that any slaver sailing without a chaplain shall be confiscated! We are for carrying on the work, if at all, energetically; and as the neophytes will probably be quite busy with their secular work after they arrive here, we demand that the leisure of the voyage be improved for their reconstruction.

WASHINGTON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1857.

THERE are strong symptoms that the Administration intends to abandon or evade the issue it has made on the Kansas question. The more timid or the more prudent of the slaveholding directors of the President are beginning to feel alarm at the ominous look of the storm they have raised; and though the fire-eaters continue to urge them forward, they foresee and hesitate. A considerable portion of the Southern leaders are not yet ripe for the scheme of disunion and civil war which is at the bottom of the attempt to drive the Free State men of Kansas into initiating revolutionary movements. Their plans hitherto have extended no further than the intellectual and moral subjugation of the Democratic party to a thoroughgoing and avowed pro-slavery policy, with the hope of nominating and electing a slaveholder to the Presidency in 1860. Their object has been sufficiently accomplished by the ready acquiescence, or rather active cooperation, of a Northern President, the Northern members of the Cabinet, and a majority of the Northern Democratic Senators and Representatives, and of Northern Democratic presses, in the attempt to force a Pro-Slavery Constitution upon Kansas—an attempt persisted in, not from any expectation of practical success, but simply to degrade the Northern Democracy and purge it of any lingering remains of opposition to the supremacy of the slaveholding aristocracy. In spite of the resistance of Messrs. Douglas and Walker, the Southern wing of the party has achieved a decisive political victory over the Northern wing, so far as the party alone is concerned. Satisfied with this triumph, and with having driven Mr. Douglas into a position utterly destructive of his prospects before the Charleston Convention in 1860, the moderate Southern men are disposed to withdraw from the contest, and abandon Kansas to the Republicans.

They are waiting to hear the result of the election in Kansas before they finally develop their plans of evading the issue. The mode which will probably be adopted has been partially indicated in conversation within a few days past by the President and Secretary of State. The project seems to be this: the Lecompton Constitution, in whatever shape it may come to Congress—if it come at all, which there is some reason to doubt—will be sent back to the people of Kansas for ratification or rejection by a fair vote, accompanied by an act providing for the contingency of its rejection, by authorizing the people to elect a new Convention and form another Constitution.

The fire-eaters, no doubt, will oppose to the utmost such a solution of a difficulty from whose continuance they expect the opening of an opportunity to put in operation their plans of breaking up the Union. But they can be overruled in Congress, except in the contingency of the success at the recent election of the "Coostitution with Slavery." If the Lecompton Constitution in that form comes here, an unhesitating and unqualified acceptance of it will be demanded by the united South. Above all things, the Administration dreads this contingency, and agents were long ago sent to Kansas with instructions to avert it, if possible, by persuading the Pro-Slavery men not to vote, and if they did vote, by persuading Mr. Calhoun to put the Constitution in his breeches pocket, and keep it there, rather than send so inflammable a document to Congress to add inextinguishable fury to the flames of discord that are consuming the Democratic party.

Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1857.

Yankee energy, independence and perseverance are sure to "crop out," whenever occasion presents itself. The *personnel* of our National Hotel, and its new *regime*, affords us a number of examples. Among the other innovations introduced by the present proprietors are a dozen or more ruddy-cheeked, intelligent boys, from New-England, who, having been excluded from the workshops, and factories, and country stores of the East, in consequence of the hard times, preferred employment as dining-room servants here to idleness at home. While studiously attentive and intelligently respectful, there is a manliness and independence of air about them which inspires respect in those whom they serve, and it must be confessed, as a consequence, that no public dining-room was ever better served, or with less trouble and confusion. At first, the business comes a little awkward to these amateurs, who know much better how to construct a loom or forge a chain-cable; and thereby hangs a tale.

A friend, who, for convenience sake, I will call Thompson, dined with us the other day, and soon had occasion to congratulate himself upon the prompt civility of his attendant. Espying an acquaintance seated at another table, he told John to carry his wine to him, with his compliments. John darted off, set the wine alongside the plate of the gentleman designated, and hurried back to his place. "Where's my wine?" said Thompson. "I carried it to the gentleman, as you requested, sir," answered the boy. "Why didn't you bring it back?" inquired my friend, nervously. "You didn't *tell* me to bring it back, sir," replied John, beginning to doubt whether he hadn't committed a blunder. "But I told you to take it to the gentleman with Mr. Thompson's compliments!" "So I did, sir; shall I get it again for you?"

Thompson, who is the soul of good nature, has seen the world, and appreciates a joke, began to understand his customer. Turning to him, he saw that he was more intelligent than experienced, and his curiosity found vent in the inquiry where the young man came from, how long he had been in a hotel, and what was his former business. John replied, "To tell you the truth, this is my first day, and I'd be *obleeged* to you to inform me if I've made any mistake. I am a machinist down in Boston—but as work was rather dull this winter, I thought I'd come down here, try the hotel a spell and see the sights." My friend was more than pleased and satisfied. "Go back," said he, "for my wine; fill the gentleman's glass, presenting Mr. Thompson's compliments, then come and fill mine, and notice what we do." John followed directions to the letter, watching both parties with intense interest as they went through the accustomed motions, and a gleam of intelligence lighting up his face clearly indicated that he had mastered the theory of the thing, at any rate. But Yankee thoroughness could scarcely be content with this. "Practice makes perfect," soliloquized John; so he returned to Thompson's side at the first leisure moment, remarking: "I think I've got the hang of that thing now; *ain't there some other gentleman you'd like to have me carry your wine to?*" Thompson exploded instanter.

Correspondence of The South.

WASHINGTON, December 23.

The disposition of the Black Republicans and the Mulatto Republicans to keep up the Kansas agitation is very sensibly exhibited by the course of the whippers-in in Congress. They are determined to stimulate and envenom the controversy by all possible means and appliances, and to evade any possible termination of the questions at issue. Their course in this respect is a fair illustration of their politics, the staple of which is constituted by turmoil, bloodshed and the constant excitement of the worst passions of the human heart. Every question is distorted, every element of excitement is used, and even the solemn offices of religion are prostituted to the one purpose of inflaming the public mind with the fell and internecine passions of civil war. They are the order of men of whom Lord Bacon says that they "bring down the Holy Ghost in the shape of a vulture or a raven, instead of in the likeness of a dove; and hang from the door of a Christian Church the flag of a band of pirates and assassins."

I am enabled to convey the assurance that the report published in the Washington correspondence of the New York *Herald*, to the effect that "the Southern conservatives" had determined on the policy of sending the Lecompton Constitution back to Kansas with a proviso for taking the popular vote thereon, is false in spirit as well as in fact. It is the habit of these sensation correspondents to practise the most reckless induction of facts, and to parade the opinions of some notoriety hunting politician, anxious to curry favour with Bennett's scribblers, as the sentiment of the South.

The open interviews which the President gives each day at noon, to the profane, vulgar herd of office-seekers "smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers," are frequently attended by some amusing incident or passage of words. The other day, Mr. Buchanan was applied to by a young politician in behalf of a friend, hailing from Virginia, who wished a petty consulship anywhere in the South Seas, or among the Sepoys, or among the breechless barbarians of Yanader, or the Lord-knows-where. Mr. Buchanan was good enough to promise the young Virginian a place. "Yes," he said, in his charming, amiable humour, "I must do something for the old Commonwealth. Poor Virginia! she has nothing." This allusion to the destitution of the Old Dominion, in the way of place and patronage, excited a very significant titter in the room.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, December 26.

"Old Buck" has disappointed me. He is really so obstinate, mulish and uncommodating on the Kansas question that no one is willing to advise him. In fact, he will take no advice from any Democrat under fifty with show of civility. The consequence is that Pugh of Ohio, and Young America generally, including Broderick of California, feel a little sulky and are drawing off with Douglas. I never saw so great a change in any man as in Buchanan since these Kansas troubles began. He is naturally pliant, but now his peevishness, his jealousy of Douglas, and suspicion that there is a design to undermine him among our prominent men in Congress, has set his back up so that he has apparently gone to the other extreme of unreasoning and intolerant obstinacy. He thinks he understands this Lecompton business better than any one else, and has nothing to learn, and he fumes immensely over the slur in Douglas's speech, that he was absent on a patriotic mission from the country when the Nebraska bill passed.

There is a report, by the way, current here, that Buchanan himself supervised the original draft of the Lecompton Constitution in Washington, whence it was sent to Kansas. I cannot vouch for this, but, if true, it explains his anxiety to force it down our throats *nolens volens*. I am really sorry for the old man's fatuity in taking his position, for he and the whole South, Jeff. Davis and all that go with him, will have to back down, and their humiliation will only be the more galling.

By the way, do you notice how chary the Southern men are in advocating the Lecompton fraud? None of them have taken a flat-footed attitude on the question; they can easily shift ground; but poor Bigler and Fitch, the Northern soapegoats, have been put forward to be struck down. It is the general belief that Buchanan was precipitate in taking ground on the subject before it was rendered necessary, before even Jeff Davis and the fire-eaters deemed it safe to commit themselves.

Davis is determined to drive Douglas off from his popular sovereignty position, and make the contest a nigger question. He hopes thus to turn events in a way to promote his scheme of secession and a Southern republic. Douglas is inclined to fight shy. He will not accommodate his enemies nor accept any issue except the one he has himself tendered.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1857.

These ten days' intermission will bring Congress again together about the time with the arrival of the Lecompton Constitution. It would, indeed, be a pity if all the fine calculations and arrangements entered into by the Douglas and the republican manœuvres should, after all, prove a miserable failure. I confess I am somewhat of this opinion, and should not be surprised to find the South introduce a measure at the opening of the debate upon the new Constitution that will place *hors du combat* all the speculations of these earnest and well-intentioned agitators. This certainly would be bad for Douglas and his devoted supporters among the Government employés in the city of New York and in Boston.

There exists a doubt in the minds of many whether this Kansas imbroglio can be kept alive beyond the month of January. In this event a new national issue will be required, and can be furnished without difficulty. General Quitman stands ready with his Neutrality bill, which has an eye, among other improvements, to the seizure and annexation of Cuba, Northern Mexico and Lower California. It is supposed by some that the General's bill for the abrogation of the neutrality laws may help to shape out a reorganization of the Democratic party.

The suggestion, which is freely canvassed, is by no means acceptable to certain of the members of the diplomatic corps, who prefer the Kansas agitation at present to all other agitations. But the gallant Gen-ral is resolute, and I may venture to assert that the bill alluded to will be introduced by him in the House of Representatives at an early day. Any movement that may have for its object the nationalizing of parties will meet with the strongest opposition from the several sectional divisions in Congress.

There is, however, no questioning the fact that there is at this moment a strong conservative party in this same Congress, which can be rallied on a common platform when a progressive question is brought before them for action and decision. Gen. Quitman thinks he has such a question in his Neutrality act. This, however, is to be ascertained.

Correspondence of The Press.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28, 1857.

The Kansas affair has been entirely supplanted by the new trouble in which the President is so unexpectedly involved by the rash, precipitate and unauthorized proceedings of Com. Paulding, in the arrest of Gen. Walker, within the territory of Nicaragua, and the breaking up of his enterprise. This incident threatens to kindle a new dissension in the ranks of the Democracy. The flame will grow and rage more violently as the news passes southward, until, reaching the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, it will, like a prairie fire, sweep everything before it, and involve the whole South in one grand conflagration of filibuster *furore*.

At the North, Walker, his character, motives and schemes are held in little favour, and his defeat by what means soever, will cause little grief. But in the South it is very different. The filibuster feeling is a very prevalent one among the warlike Southrons, and this feeling has received a new and powerful impulse from the failure of the South to secure Kansas as a slave State. Southern expansion is now the great idea, as essential to maintain, at least, an approach to equilibrium of the North and South, to preserve the Union, and to draw the South off from the unwise policy of seeking to extend slavery into the Northern latitudes. The Democratic party throughout the Union will acquiesce in this policy.

The acquisition of Cuba or of some adjacent Southern country, is the very best step to calm and extinguish the discord which has for some time disturbed the quiet of these States. It was wisely said to Mr. Buchanan, a few days ago, by a gentleman whose opinion he asked as to the best remedy for the Kansas trouble; "Change the programme; substitute Cuba for Kansas, and the Ostend Manifesto for the Lecompton Convention." The President brightened up at an idea which went home to one of his warmest feelings and aspirations. All the troubles, disagreements and misadventures that may occur to him, in an Administration which begins already to be an eventful one, will be forgotten in the splendour of the realization of the aim and object of the Ostend Manifesto—the acquisition of that magnificent possession, "Cuba querida."

THE "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR" EXPURGATED.

From The Tribune.

IT is odd how "what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh." The quack doctors are in the right when they tell us in their advertisements that corruption of the blood is the source of all external ailments and cuticular deformities. They have the root of the matter in their philosophy, whether they have it among the simples of which their catholicons and panaceas are compounded or not. So it is with the body politic. The peccant humours find their way to the surface and show themselves, the symptoms, and not the essence—the sum, but not the substance of the morbific condition of the current ideas which make up its vital circulation. Such blotches as are often to be discerned on the face of journalism—when *The Journal of Commerce*, *The Herald*, *The Observer*, *The Boston Courier*, and the like, for instance, break out into an eruption of more than ordinarily acrid pro-slavery—are not so much the disease itself as pathognomic indications of its existence and its conditions. Unfortunately, this type of malady is not like the eruptive distempers of childhood, which never recur a second time. They are but too apt to become chronic and a permanent portion of the vital organism.

We were led into this train of reflection by rather an odd suggestion, considering its character and colouring. It was nothing less than a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, priated in Philadelphia, and marked by the authentic *imprimatur* of the Right Rev. George W. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey. We hasten to say, however, that it was nothing in the ritual itself, nor anything printed in the book, that was thus unsavorily suggestive. It was the *vignette* which adorned the title-page, in which we discerned the symptons diagnostic of a mind diseased. And this, we would continue our paradox by saying, was not so much anything we saw as something we did not see. All of our readers, we will venture to assume, are familiar with the engravings of Ary Scheffer's famous picture entitled "Christus Consolator." They will remember that the Saviour is seated with the emblems of his divine compassion around him, in the persons of the wretched beings whose diseases he had cured, or whose sorrows he had ministered unto. There is the mother laying her dead infant at the sacred feet, the sick man imploring the healing of the Almighty touch, the maniac just restored to reason, with his broken chain in his deliverer's grasp; the negro slave holding out his fettered hands for help and deliverance. Everybody that has seen it will recall it all.

Well, the Philadelphia publishers of the Prayer-Book have selected this conception of Scheffer's as an appropriate ornament of its title-page. And, surely, they might have looked very far for a more fitting one; but they thought it needed some emendation and expurgation before being put before the eyes of dainty Christians in this land of churches and of cart-whips. The imploring face and the eloquent manacles of the slave might perchance disturb the devotions of Southern Saints, and even make the cotton-stapled hassocks of many Northern brethren uncomfortable to their knees. So, to remove this cause of offence out of the way, the prudent publishers, while they left all the other monuments of Christ's compassion, *most carefully expurged the negro*. Perhaps they thought it was derogatory to the divine character of Jesus to suppose him capable of sympathizing with a *nigger*. Perhaps they belong to the sect of the philosophic (and we dare say pious) John Randolph of Kansas, who denies that negroes have souls any more than horses or oxen. More likely, their prophetic souls told them that the black face and those chained wrists would stand in the way of the mercantile transaction they were engaged in with the Church. We have seen many and base concessions to Slavery and Pro-Slavery on the part of publishers at the North, but we think that this mutilation of an artist's ideal to suit the Prayer-Book to the state of the slavemarket is rather the meanest, paltriest and dirtiest of them all.

We would not be understood as implying that either the Epispopal Church or the prelate who gave his sanction to this edition of the Book of Common Prayer is responible for this worse than shabby trick. Whatever faults may have been attributed to Bishop Doane, we believe that he was always in favour of the admission of the coloured churches to equal rights of representation in the Conventions of the Church, during the long struggles of Mr. John Jay to effect what justice and canonical regularity alike demanded. And we believe, too, that the section of the Episcopal Church usually distinguished as the High Church, in this City and in Boston, and perhaps generally in the Free States, set an example of Christian spirit in this regard, which their dissenting opponents might well follow. In the City of Boston, we happen to know, while a prominent Baptist Church makes it a condition in the deeds of the pews that they shall be forfeited if sold to a Baptist with a coloured skin, the Church of the Advent, embracing many persons distinguished for genius, culture, refinement and wealth, not only admits black men and women to a perfect equality of sittings, but actually seeks them out to invite them to come in. And we believe the same Christian spirit of equality before God prevails among the High Churchmen of this City, also. This sneaking act of servility we attribute solely to the publishers, and we have told of it merely as a proof of the all-pervading influence of slavery, and of the opinion of the Philadelphia printers as to its supremacy in the Church. The sensitive nerve of the pocket answered to the sensibility of the slaveholding conscience, and hence this despicable toad-eating, even in the presence of God himself.

We would commend this edition of the Book of Common Prayer to the Southern Aid Society as the one best suited to the spread of the Gospel they are sent to preach. Only, we are concerned lest the preponderance of dissenters in that missionary movement may deprive the enterprising publishers of that field. But we trust that all Churchmen who believe that the Head of the Church came to deliver the desolate and oppressed will refuse to countenance this insult to Him, as well as to themselves.

THE NEW FRENCH SLAVE TRADE.

IN the House of Lords on the 11th of December the Earl of Shaftesbury called atention to the scheme for the immigration of free negroes to the French colonies under the sanction of the French Government. It had come to his knowledge that a decree had been issued by the French Government to carry the scheme into effect. He therefore begged to ask the Foreign Secretary whether Government had any information of such decree, and to what extent it went?

The Earl of CLARENDON said, in answer to the question of his noble friend, he had to state that he had no reason to believe that the decree to which his noble friend alluded had been issued; but he believed there was no doubt that a contract had been entered into by the French Government and a certain firm for the supply of negroes to the French colonies, which only received the sanction of the French Government on the condition that it was to be *bona fide* a free emigration. Now there could be no such thing as a free emigration from Africa (cheers). We ourselves had tried the experiment 16 years ago, and with every precaution and every safeguard to prevent abuses, so as to secure the freedom of the African labourer on his passage and his proper treatment while employed in our colonies, as well as to guarantee his return home at the expiration of his engagement if he wished it. That plan utterly and entirely failed (hear, hear), and it was not likely that it would ever succeed under any circumstances (hear, hear). But this was what the French contractors were compelled to do. They engaged with the African chiefs to supply a certain number of slaves at so much a head, who were placed on board of ship, when a certain formality was gone through, with the view of ascertaining whether they were willing to work at stated wages in the French colonies or not. Now, whether the negroes understood that question or not, it was manifest that when once on board of ship they had no choice in the matter (hear, hear). Besides, the result was that by this system the French contractors were brought into competition with the regular slavedealers, who offered $90 a head for slaves, while the French contractors had only the power to give $50. There had been some failure of the contract, but that in no way altered the character of the transaction; because if slaves were to be procured at all, it must be by purchase, and they could not be obtained unless the chiefs made war upon their neighbours, it being, of course, a matter of utter indifference to those chiefs whether those slaves, whom they sold to the highest bidders, were manumitted after their arrival in the French colonies, or whether they were worked to death (hear, hear). The wars carried on with that view were of the most barbarous character and caused great loss of life. Whole districts were depopulated, and not one-half of those captured survived the sufferings they met with on their way to the coast. The French contractors said that it was an act of humanity to the negroes themselves to give them an opportunity of emigrating to places where they could be profitably employed. But he would remind their lordships that it was putting a stop to that legitimate and prosperous trade which within the last few years, had sprung up on the coast of Africa in almost every locality in which the slave trade had been carried on, and by which the natives of Africa were greatly benefitted. In the spring of this year he (the Earl of Clarendon) received two despatches on this subject, which were of such great interest and contained such full and valuable information as to the trade in palm oil that he did not wait to have them published in the regular course, but laid them at once upon the table of their Lordships' House (hear, hear). Since that time he had ascertained that the trade at Lagos in palm oil had increased 50 per cent., and now amounted to upwards of £2,000,000 a year. But the whole of this rising trade and this increasing prosperity to the Africans was now threatened with destruction, if this system were carried on (hear, hear). There were now extensive preparations for war being made in all the countries from which the slaves were brought, and, as the matter was one of so much interest and importance, he would read a very short extract from a despatch which he had received from Mr. Campbell, the Consul at Lagos. Mr. Campbell, at the beginning of September last, wrote, in allusion to the contract of M. Regis, that—

"Unless the intention of purchasing slaves at Whydah is abandoned, we shall have the whole of the Yoruba country plunged into warfare to supply the demand of the slave market at Whydah. The example of the people of Abbeokuta is to be follow d by the people of Ibaddan, who are preparing to attack the Jaboo country, and, as a preliminary step, several Jaboose peacefully attending the market at Ibaddan have been seized, some put to death, others sent to Whydah for sale, and all intercourse between the two countries has been stopped by the closing of the paths and roads; and if the speculation of Mr. Regis is carried out, it will be followed by other countries."

But the people of that country had, during the last thirty years, acquired such a taste for industrial pursuits, and had become so much alive to the advantages arising therefrom, that it was with the utmost reluctance they were now induced to engage in wars, while formerly every man was eager for strife and plunder, and the chiefs were now actually compelled to suspend all trade, and to deprive the people of all means of livelihood, before they could induce them to engage in hostilities. In order to prove that fact, he would read an extract from a proclamation issued by the chief of Abbeokuta:

"1. In order to procure a large army for the Aibo war, soon to be undertaken, trade must be stopped now, and during the war nothing must be sold and nothing bought.

"2. In order to this, the passengers by land and the river to Ijai, Ibaddan, Lagos, and other adjacent towns that trade with Abbeokuta, must be stopped.

"3. No canoe shall be allowed to appear in the river, excepting the missionaries, who are no traders.

"4. That instant death on the spot be the penalty inflicted upon violation of any of these rules."

It was not necessary to enter into further details, but he thought he had said enough to prove that the Government were alive to the dangers of any such scheme as had been alluded to. It would, therefore, be readily understood that it had been their duty to bring the matter under the serious consideration of the French Government, not doubting but that Government felt an equal abhorrence of any attempt to revive the slave trade, and also not doubting that although no Convention existed at this moment between the two countries, yet that the French Government would feel itself bound to act upon the spirit of the declaration made by the great powers, that slavery should exist no more in any of their colonies, and that they would prevent their subjects from engaging in it directly or indirectly. The British Government told the French Government that they believed the latter had proceeded on erroneous information, and only required to be put in possession of facts to be induced to put an end to a system which, however benevolent in intention, must inevitably lead to great danger of a revival of slavery. The answer of the French Government had been that while they fully admitted the engagement to discourage slavery to be binding upon them, yet they did not consider the steps which were in progress to obtain a supply of free labour for their colonies constituted any violation of that engagement, but that, on the contrary, it was an act of humanity to procure that labour in an honest and open manner, which otherwise would be procured with all the horrors of a clandestine slave trade. At the same time the French Government desired that there should be no abuse of the system, and they would take into their serious consideration the representations which had been made to them by Her Majesty's Government, in order to stop any inconvenience which might arise. The French Government also admitted there was no treaty between themselves and this country, yet they were bound to act up to the spirit of the declaration of the Congress, and that they were now as anxious to put an end to the slave trade as they were in 1815. That declaration was so short that he (Lord Clarendon) thought it would be useful at the present time to recall its terms to the public mind. The declaration of the eight powers in 1815 was:

"That the Plenipotentiaries assembled at this Congress cannot do greater credit to this mission, better fulfil their duty, and manifest the principles which actuate their august sovereigns, than by endeavouring to carry this engagement into effect, and by proclaiming, in the name of their sovereigns, their wish of putting an end to a scourge which has so long desecrated Africa, degraded Europe, and afflicted humanity. Consequently, &c., that the engagement reciprocally contracted in the present declaration between the sovereigns who are parties to it cannot be considered as completely fulfilled until the period when complete success shall have crowned their united efforts."

To that declaration the French Government had expressed its emphatic determination to adhere. He had now stated the actual state of affairs, and thought, after the assurances of the French Government, there was great reason to hope that at no distant day the system which had created such universal consternation among the well-wishers of Africa would be entirely abolished.

The Earl of DERBY contended that the system, let it be surrounded by what safeguards it might, would fail. Nothing but its abandonment would answer.

The Earl of CLARENDON said that was the ultimate intention of the French Government.

Earl GREY hoped Government would not let the matter sleep. The system must be abandoned. No half measures would do; and if the French Government declined to put an end to it, he hoped the whole correspondence would be produced, in order to let the whole civilized world see the position taken up by the great empire of France on this question. Stolen goods could not be bought without encouraging stealing.

The subject then dropped.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

MEETINGS IN THE CITY.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS, under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in this city, in BLEECKER HALL, corner of Bleecker and Morton streets, on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY evenings, Jan. 4th, 5th and 6th, at 7 1-2 o'clock. AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON and others are expected to address the meetings. The friends of the cause in the city, one and all, are earnestly invited to coöperate in this effort to extend a knowledge of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the city of New York.

EXPOSURE OF SOPHISTRY AND CALUMNY.

"All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

IT seems, at first sight, very strange that the clergy of the popular religion—who strongly insist that the above sentence, and every other sentence in the book from which it comes, was given by inspiration of God, and must thus be received as infallibly true—should be so utterly regardless of the obligations of truth and the perils of falsehood in their official and semi-official communications to the people. The explanation is not difficult, since their falsehoods (however worse in character and more pernicious in influence) are not more numerous than those of politicians or tradesmen, while yet, opposite as their system is to Christianity, the *name* of Christianity is indispensable to their success with the people. They can no more do without it than the elder Pharisee could do without his phylactery; but they trust to a skill in sophistry, which, thus far, has certainly answered their purpose, to make their congregations believe the monstrosities which they teach respecting religion and morality to be legitimate parts of the admirable system inculcated by Jesus of Nazareth, and compendiously summed up by him in the "Golden Rule"; and perhaps also they are privately determining, like so many of the poor sinners to whom they preach, "to repent before they die," securing as much of the intervening time as possible for other and very different purposes. But whether this, or some other, be the correct explanation, the fact is incontestable that clergymen of the popular religion say *the thing that is not* with a facility which commonly comes only from long and full practice. A first rate specimen of the unscrupulousness in question has lately appeared in the *New York Observer*, being the comment of "A Massachusetts Clergyman" upon Dr. Wayland's letter to the Investigating Committee of the Tract Society, which our readers may remember in THE STANDARD of November 14th.

It may be said in passing, that the editor of the Boston *Congregationalist*, in declining to copy the five-and-a-quarter columns of this mendacious document, seems more amused with the impudence than shocked at the wickedness of "Bro. Bliss"—Secretary of the pro-slavery Tract Society at Boston—who sent it to him with a request for its insertion, in full, that same week. Perhaps impudence in that quarter was more of a novelty than wickedness, "Bro. Bliss" having already abundantly shown his readiness to say the thing that is not whenever the interests of the Tract Society demand it.

Since the refutation of falsehood and the disentangling of sophistry generally require more space than was occupied by the falsehoods and sophistries themselves, and since this particular document, unauthenticated by any name, official or otherwise, is not worth the space, nor the trouble, we will leave the misstatements of the "Massachusetts Clergyman" respecting Dr. Wayland to be treated by that gentleman, if *he* shall think it worth the trouble, and take up, in this place, merely a few specimens from other parts of the document.

The energy and thoroughness with which the "Massachusetts Clergyman" enters upon the work of falsehood may be judged by the following expression.

After stating that the Tract Society limits itself, in the publication of tracts, to such as are "calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians," and stating Dr. Wayland's inference, that the words quoted contain no restriction from publishing on slavery, he says—"This is a very safe inference, as *no one has ever pretended that the words do contain any such restriction.*" Considering that the government of the Tract Society, and their defenders, have, up to this time, not only made this pretence on all occasions, but dwelt in it as a strong tower of defence, a very citadel, against the claims of the remonstrants, the denial above quoted may parallel in impudence any of the lies of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto.

The "Massachusetts Clergyman" regards probability no more than truth. He assumes, throughout, that slaveholding, and the most thorough defence of slavery, in no manner or degree incapacitate a man for membership in a Christian Church and the credit of a truly Christian character. Yet he throws away the only tolerable pretext of plausibility upon which that assumption can be founded—namely, that the Church which examines a candidate for membership is likely to be the best judge whether he is a Christian, and that outsiders must be content to take the word of the Church on that point—for the sake of stigmatizing as "a palpable, glaring absurdity" the assumption that persons who approve of dancing and theatrical amusements can be evangelical Christians, "*even if church-members.*" He thus makes the perilous concession (for which the Tract Society will not thank him), that a man's *life*, and not his certificate of church-membership, must decide whether he is a Christian.

Here is another of the *doublings* of our clerical Reynard. He first sets up a man of straw, and then knocks it down with a false assumption, hoping that the false assumption may pass unquestioned as a truth.

"But how can the Committee get a list of 'all evangelical Christians,' so as to ascertain their approbation, unless it takes the list of church-members? They need not get such a list. The Constitution does not require it. It does not require that every tract shall actually* receive the approbation of them all. It only requires every tract to be such that a committee of well-informed, honest, candid, truly pious men may reasonably 'calculate' on that universal approbation."

Here the force of the word "calculated" (which, as Dr. Wayland and common sense have shown, refers, and *must* refer, to the creeds of those denominations, calling themselves evangelical, which are united in the Tract Society), is slily shifted from this bearing, and represented as referring to a "calculation," in the Yankee sense, by the committee, of what would please or displease the recipients of tracts in different parts of the country.

Another of our author's points is the assumption that slavery—a sin so enormous, and an evil so practically and widely operative as to be obviously injuring not only our religion, morals, manners, education, form of government and grade of civilisation, but even the very fertility of our soil, and the safe carriage of our letters and newspapers—is ruled out from the domain of the Tract Society by the same article which excludes the consideration of such merely speculative matters as Old School and New School, Taylorism and Tylerism.

He assumes that himself and the Northern people generally are opposed in principle to slavery, and thence that it is needless to send any remonstrance against it to the South, where it is practised and defended, because "nobody there needs any further testimony to inform them that *we decidedly disapprove of slavery.*"

Now, if his assumption were true, his inference would be a decided *non sequitur*. If he and the Northern people *were* opposed to slavery, the *more*, not the *less*, should they send remonstrances against it to the South, and that not to send information merely, as he craftily intimates, but to exert an actual influence in abolishing so vast an evil. But he shortly shows, by the terms in which he characterizes opposition to slavery on the part of the Abolitionists, that the above assumption respecting himself is as false as we know it to be in regard to the North. He says—

"The Abolitionists, * * * for about a quarter of a century, have been waging an implacable and unprincipled war on the *rights*, the *property*, the peace and safety of the South."

Then he maintains the *right* to hold slaves! Then he upholds the claim of *property* in them! Then he lied when he said "we decidedly disapprove of slavery." For this assumption of a right of property in man is the very essence of slavery.

But the "Massachusetts Clergyman" proceeds to a further falsehood respecting the Abolitionists, saying that

"One of their pamphlets, written and printed in Boston, exhorting slaves to rise and fight for their freedom, * * was found in the possession of Nat. Turner," and that this probably "encouraged him and others to get up the Southampton insurrection in 1831, in which more than sixty men, women and children were indiscriminately killed." He proceeds to say that the Abolitionists, "a few years after that massacre, scattered publications of similar character and tendency among slaves and others at the South"; and he shows that William Lloyd Garrison and his associates are the persons thus referred to, by saying, immediately after, that they "denounce the Constitution of the United States as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, and persistently labour to dissolve that Union and break up that Constitution."

Perhaps it is not creditable to the Abolitionists of New England—considering that so small a proportion of their number are non-resistants, and thus opposed in principle to war, even when waged in behalf of freedom—that they have directly addressed the slaves only once, and then with counsel to patience and forbearance, and a strong dissuasive against insurrection. But such is the fact, and this fact shows the reckless mendacity of the "Massachusetts Clergyman."

The following is the title of the document in question.

"Address of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention to the Slaves of the United States; with an Address to President Tyler; adopted in Faneuil Hall, May 31st, 1843. pp. 16. Boston. Published by Oliver Johnson, 1843."

Of the sixteen pages of this tract, the address to the slaves occupies eleven, and it is signed by "Edmund Quincy, President," and "William A. White, Eliza J. Kenney, and William P. Atkinson, Secretaries."

In this address are the following passages.

"The weapons with which the Abolitionists seek to effect your deliverance are not bowie-knives, pistols, swords, guns, or any other deadly implements. They consist of appeals, warnings, rebukes, arguments and facts, addressed to the understandings, consciences and hearts of the people. Many of your friends believe that not even those who are oppressed, whether their skins are white or black, can shed the blood of their oppressors in accordance with the will of God; while many others believe that it is right for the oppressed to rise and take their liberty by violence, if they can secure it in no other manner; but they, in common with all your friends, believe that every attempt at insurrection would be attended with disaster and defeat, on your part, because you are not strong enough to contend with the military power of the nation; consequently, *their advice to you is, to be patient, long-suffering and submissive*, yet awhile longer—trusting that, by the blessing of the Most High on their labours, you will yet be emancipated *without shedding a drop of your masters' blood*, or losing a drop of your own." pp. 10, 11.

Again, the address says—

"We advise you to seize every opportunity to escape from your masters, and fixing your eyes on the North Star, travel on until you reach a land of liberty. You are not the property of your masters. God never made one human being to be owned by another. Your right to be free, at any moment, is undeniable; and it is your duty, whenever you can, *peaceably to escape* from the plantations on which you are confined, and assert your manhood." pp. 11, 12.

So much for the incendiarism, and incitement of slaves to insurrection, falsely charged by the "Massachusetts Clergyman" upon the Abolitionists.

These calumnies of pro-slavery priests would avail nothing, if the people of the North were really opposed to slavery. Nay, more! If the people were heartily opposed to slavery, these calumnies would not be uttered, but the very men who now concoct and disseminate them would be energetically exhorting on the other side. It is because the people have been so long under the tuition of the clergy that they now disregard the fundamental truths of true morality and religion, and deem Christianity to consist in creeds and ordinances. The approaching annual meeting of the Tract Society will afford an invaluable opportunity of putting these clerical leaders to the test. If the people neglect to read, learn, mark and inwardly digest what shall be said and done on that occasion, they will richly deserve to be ridden yet longer by this band of pretended "ambassadors from God"—as Sindbad was by the "old man of the Sea."

* "Liars have need of good memories." The "Massachusetts Clergyman" happens to tell a truth in saying that the Constitution of the Tract Society does not require that every tract *shall actually* receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians. But this truth is in direct contradiction to a statement made and signed by the entire government of the Tract Society, on the 193d and 197th pages of their 31st Annual Report, presented at New York, May 7th, 1856, as follows:

Speaking of Art. 1, of the Constitution, which says that the tracts published must be "*calculated* to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians," the document in question makes the following false assertions:

LETTER FROM JOSEPH A. HOWLAND.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE ancient method of evading unpopular truths and seeking their overthrow, in the lack of better weapons, by destroying and blackening the characters or persons of its advocates, did not die out with the Jews, who, we read, stoned the prophets and killed those that were sent unto them, for we see the same spirit manifested by the priests of the present day and their deluded followers and dupes that was manifested by the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees of old. When they are unable to meet with and successfully overthrow any truths that they hate, they resort to violent and virulent efforts to destroy the character or injure the persons of the advocates of those truths, hoping vainly that thereby they may remove the testimony from their community. And the only reason that they do not resort to the stake and faggot, to the cross and the inquisition, is that the spirit of the age is so much more in favour of free thought and inquiry that they would not be tolerated in those extreme measures that their ancestors exercised so vigorously. Nevertheless, their animus is clearly seen, as at the mouth of their dens they sit, like Bunyan's Giants, and gnash their teeth at passing Pilgrims.

In labouring through the towns and counties of the Western Reserve in Ohio and the western borders of Pennsylvania, we have heard the assailing vilifications against us, as Spiritualists, Free-Land-ites, Free-Lovers, added to the old, and now stale, cry of Infidel. And last and mightiest, "Abby Kelley-ites," and solemn-faced, pious ladies ask us in confidence to explain to them why we associate with such a vile woman as Abby Kelley? and why she had left her pretended husband, Stephen Foster? and whether it was seven or nine that she had at various times taken up and cohabited with since? And such vile reports and slanders are currently circulated among the Church people, always traceable to the priests or their dupes, and gain such credence that many who call themselves Abolitionists, and have sympathy enough to take us to their houses and aid our work, have really appeared to believe them. And we have had to labour to disabuse their minds of the infamous falsehoods with which those modern Scribes and Pharisees had surcharged their minds.

At Jamestown, Mercer Co., Pa., a "young lawyer," who gives, on his business card, the names of J. R. Giddings, B. F. Wade, Edward Wade, and others, as his endorsers, came into a meeting held by Mrs. Coleman, and charged that we were Spiritualists, Free-Lovers, &c., &c., and that he could prove it by resolutions that were adopted at the Cleveland Disunion Convention, as reported in the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, in favour of those dreadful heresies. Mrs. C. challenged him to the proof, and, at a meeting held a few days thereafter, attended by Mrs. Coleman, W. W. Brown and myself, he came forward with a copy of *The Bugle* that he had been studying carefully for a few days, and proposed to read from the report of the Cleveland Convention the resolutions that should convict the Convention and all its adherents and emissaries of the awful delusions charged. As he was commencing to read, he was requested to read the caption of the article from which he was about to make his selection. And he read "Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress." But the farther request, that he would read the next line, to show where and when the meeting was held, he declined to accede to. And we read for him, "held at Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 10th." This closed that investigation; and whether the proceedings of that meeting endorsed such extravagancies as he had charged or not, did not appear, for the resolutions were not read; but a few well-directed remarks, showing the dishonesty or ignorance of any person who should in such manner make such charges, shut up this fellow for that time.

At Orangeville, Trumbull Co., O., a vile fellow, who was employed as teacher of the public school, came forward to defend the Methodist Church, toward which he leaned, against our criticisms. Failing in this, he took another base fellow, son of a leading Methodist who had felt aggrieved at the meeting, and, with some other pious aid, undertook to smoke out our Sunday evening meeting with the vile effluvia of burning cigars, which they sucked with a gusto that fully evinced their love of the foul abomination. After some labour, they were ejected from the house, whereupon they puffed their nauseating exhalations in at the broken or open windows, and thus greatly annoyed the crowded meeting, but did not break it up. I was so overcome by the sickening stench as to be compelled to flee to the pure open air of heaven during the first hour of the meeting, while the house was being ventilated, and Mrs. Coleman, with stronger nerves, addressed the meeting.

At East Wayne, Ashtabula Co., a pious Church-member undertook, with a big club, standing guard at the school-house door, to prevent a meeting assembling to hear Mrs. Coleman, but he was vanquished by a woman of the district, and taken into the meeting, with his club, and used as an illustration for one of the most interesting and effective meetings that we have had. This scamp (Camp is his name, I believe), who so valiantly defended the school-house against the inroads of infidelity, has the reputation of subduing any refractory disposition that his wife may at times exhibit with the club-argument, oftimes requiring the interference of the neighbours to quell the "domestic violence"; and yet he sails easily under the Christian flag of the Church, while those who come to plead for the downtrodden are pursued as piratical infidels.

At our meetings at Wayne Centre and South Wayne, we encountered an Orthdox priest, who bravely shut the door of his church against our intrusion, and, while he weekly preaches to congregations of padlocked lips, he has the audacity to come to our meetings to ply us with impertinent and irrelevant questions and objections, and vile slanders against the characters and bearing of those pure and earnest souls, S. S. and A. K. Foster, before whose keen weapons he had quailed in personal encounter. He was one of the meanest and smallest opponents that I have ever met with, and I think there must remain some tender and raw spots where I flayed off his hide and held him up in his native deformity to the scornful gaze of the packed meeting before whom I performed the task. Whether or no he has the capacity to know that he was skinned, I can't tell, but he has, I know, the brazen impudence to lie out of any corner in which he might be caught, and to undertake what no other person with whom I have met has dared, to defend the action of the American Tract Society.

J. A. H.

THE SWINDLER whose tricks are effectually exposed in the following article has practised his game of fraud in more than one place in this vicinity. We copy this exposure as a warning to our friends in the country to beware of such impostors.

From The Liberator.

AN IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR.

Under date of Dec. 6th, our friend Jacob Leonard, of East Bridgewater, writes to Mr. May (General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society), that "a very light mulatto, twenty-two years old, slender built, and not over five feet high," had made his appearance in Bridgewater a few days before, declaring himself to be a fugitive slave, and that his master, ——— Thompson, was a member of Congress from Kentucky. He exhibited considerable intelligence and shrewdness, though he could not read. He stated that he started from Baltimore, in company with another slave, who was left in Pennsylvania, sick from over-eating, but in good hands. He was sent on from Philadelphia to New York, and was told to keep a particular seat, and wait till he was called by the name of "George." Horace Greeley passed him by steamboat to Fall River, and thence to Boston. Mr. Greeley told him to go and see Wm. Lloyd Garrison; but when he got to Fall River he was recognised by a slaveholder, who grabbed him by the collar, and a scuffle ensued, which resulted in his escape. He was sent to Bridgewater by the Underground Railroad. He was asked if he had a good master. "My master is a real devil," he replied, "and mistress is a great deal worse." He claimed to be the son of Thompson, by a house servant—said he had been messenger in the U. S. Senate for four years past—professed to know all the members of Congress, and had a great desire to see Mr. Burlingame. He spoke in very disparaging terms of his master, but represented Preston S. Brooks to have been very generous to him. He said he went to Kansas with his master, and over a hundred others, to vote, three years ago—"voted five times in Petersburg, (?) and three times in another place, and saw his master put in a whole handful at a time"—&c., &c. Our friend Leonard adds, that it was not deemed safe to send George to Boston, as Mr. Greeley had told him that a reward of four hundred dollars had been offered for his apprehension; and he was forwarded by the Underground Railroad in another direction to Canada.

We have been thus minute in these particulars, because we hear that this impostor has recently visited Concord, Leominster, Templeton, and other towns in Middlesex County, in company with another claiming also to be a fugitive, and has obtained a considerable amount of money from our abolition friends and others; and he will doubtless continue to impose upon the kind and benevolent, in every direction, until he is arrested in his swindling operations. At Leominster, we understand, fifteen dollars were quickly raised for him and his companion, to enable them to get to Canada. George, like other reckless liars, varies his stories according to circumstances. At Leominster, he said he had called upon Mr. Parker and Mr. Garrison, but left the city without their knowledge. On another occasion, he said that Mr. Greeley had telegraphed Mr. Garrison from New York, to know whether it would be safe for George to go to Boston; and that we replied that his life would be in danger, and so he avoided this city.

We know no more of him than what we hear in this manner; but this shows him to be a strolling knave, who, like many others with a coloured skin, is basely availing himself of the sympathy which is so widely felt for the fugitive slave, to further his own ends. We hope this exposure will be the means of putting a stop to his imposture, but we fear it will not, though it may save some from being imposed upon.

Once for all, we earnestly caution our anti-slavery friends to be less credulous, and more searching, in every case where any one presents himself as a fugitive slave. Impostors may naturally be expected to abound with the growing sympathy for the enslaved, and the strongest evidence should be required before giving any heed to the representations that may be made, in all such cases. Especially should care be taken not to bestow liberal pecuniary aid, unless the case is fully authenticated. If any one claims to be a fugitive slave, and says he has been in Boston, put no faith in what he says, unless he has with him a paper from well-known friends of the cause in this city. No real fugitive, reaching this city, has any occasion to beg for aid from town to town, in order to get safely to Canada; for the means will be provided here, in every such case.

We trust some pains will be taken to arrest this shrewd and audacious knave Thompson, by those who have been swindled by him; and that the press generally (and the New York *Tribune* specially), will apprise the public of the nature and extent of his operations, for general protection.

TRIBUTE TO MR. GARRISON.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec., 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE enclosed lines, addressed to Mr. Garrison, were found among the papers of a most excellent young lady who recently died in Manchester, England. I am sorry they did not arrive in season for the "Liberty Bell," the pages of which they would have so richly graced. They were sent to me by the only surviving sister, also a most excellent young person, earnestly devoted to every work of humanity, and gifted with accomplishments to render her an honour as well as a blessing to whatever enterprise she makes the object of her regard.

The number of our devoted co-workers in the cause of Freedom is fast diminishing in Great Britain, and I fear there is little hope that the places of most of them can ever be filled again. Several, whose acquaintance I made, and whose fidelity to our movement I had every reason to admire, have gone to their reward within the past year. Among them was the writer of the enclosed lines, which I hope you will give a place in your columns.

Most truly yours, PARKER PILLSBURY.

LINES
TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

I.

Thou standest on a height sublime,
Brave champion of the True and Right!
O worthily, in words of Purest Light,
Thy name shall stand and glow thro' Future Time!

II.

Strong Friend of the oppress'd and trampled Slave,
Thy toiling for him is a holy strife!
Thy work of Love lights up thy Earnest Life
With radiant beauty: thou art pledg'd to save.

III.

Though some with foolish scorn may speak thy name,
And heap upon thee contumely and wrong,
Yet know we too that some true Poet's song
Will shrine in loving words thy stainless fame.

IV.

Brave man and true! we greet thee o'er the Main,
With earnest hopes that thou mayest live to see
The fair and crowned brows of Liberty
Smiling in triumph o'er the broken chain. H. B. H.

LATEST FROM KANSAS.

THE scheme of the Administration to induce its friends in Kansas to return the Lecompton Constitution "*without slavery*," in order to smooth the way for its acceptance by the Northern Democratic Representatives, has signally failed. A large majority of the votes cast in the election of the 21st ult. were "for the Constitution *with* slavery;" so that the President will have to take his choice between recommending it to Congress in that shape and backing down from the ground taken in his message. The Washington letter-writers generally think that he will adopt the latter alternative, in such form as will involve the least appearance of inconsistency. This will all depend, however, upon the dictation of his master, the Slave Power.

The Territorial Legislature of Kansas has provided for another election, to be held on Monday next, when the Lecompton Constitution will be submitted for adoption or rejection to a direct vote of the people. As the legality of this election cannot be questioned, and as it will embody, in unmistakable form, the will of the people of Kansas, it will have great moral weight throughout the North. It will show, probably, that three-fourths of the people are in favour of excluding slavery from the new State.

The Territorial Legislature adopted a series of resolution reaffirming the Topeka Constitution, and passed an act placing the military under the control of a Board, a majority of whom will derive their appointment from the legislative department. Denver, the new Governor, has already entered upon the discharge of his duties. The excitement in the Territory is intense.

P. S.—Just as we are going to press we have later intelligence in a despatch from St. Louis, as follows:

ST. LOUIS, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1857.

Kansas advices to the 24th inst., just received by *The Democrat*, say that civil war is raging in Bourbon County. Several conflicts have taken place between Free State and Pro-Slavery parties, and a number of prisoners have been taken on both sides. The United States Marshal, with a force of eighty men, demanded the surrender of a Free-State party, and the demand was answered by a volley of musket balls. The fire was returned, and the fight lasted an hour, when the Pro-Slavery men retreated with the loss of one man killed, and two mortally wounded. The United States Marshal was dangerously wounded.

Gen. Lane was entrenched at Sugar Mound, and determined to fight the dragoons if they attacked him. A battle was regarded as inevitable.

An exciting debate occurred in the Lawrence Free State Convention. The Committee on resolutions presented three reports. The majority report disapproved of voting for State officers at the election provided for in the Lecompton Constitution. The first minority report recommends the nomination of a full State ticket, and the second, signed by Mr. Redpath, recommends a participation in the election for the purpose of destroying the Lecompton Constitution; that no man be nominated who will not pledge himself to crush that instrument; that the Topeka Constitution be submitted to the people, and loyalty to that instrument be made the test of fealty to the Free State party; also that the Legislature should repeal the present code of laws. Messrs. Robinson, Phillips, Conway, Schuyler and Vaughan spoke in favour of voting. The most radical revolutionary speeches were made.

PERSONAL.

Capt. Rynders has granted to the Women's Protective Emigration Society the gratuitous use, for the winter, of a room in which to prosecute their philanthropic work. This shows that the Captain is not, as some suppose, *all* ruffian.

Much anxiety is felt in Providence, says the *Evening Post*, as to the mysterious absence of Mr. William M. Chace, a well-known citizen of that place. Mr. Chace left home over three weeks since, and has not been heard from. His friends fear that some accident has befallen him, or that he has been taken suddenly sick. He intended, it is believed, to go to Washington. His friends desire us to state that he is missing, and that any information, by telegraph or letter, will be welcomed by his brother-in-law, George L. Clarke, 87 Canal street, Providence, Rhode Island.

The *Springfield Republican*, sketching the peculiar features of certain popular lecturers, gives us this picture of Emerson:

"Ralph Waldo Emerson is—Ralph Waldo Emerson—a kind of cross between Carlyle and Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper; and we mean by this only to shade down Carlyle's genius to Mr. Emerson's standard, without burdening him with any of Mr. Tupper's piety. To many minds he is an angelic junk-dealer in philosophy. He operates his mind as he does his revolver, discharging barrel after barrel by abrupt concussions, scattering balls all over a target, with no special relation between the perforations to show that they came from the same pistol, or were intended for the same bull's eye. He is not always thus, nor even commonly, in these latter years. It is possible now for other minds than his own to see the silk by which he chains his beads. It is very common for people to compare him with Carlyle, but he lacks the great purpose of Carlyle, and, of course, all the inspirations which springs from a great purpose; and yet Emerson in his own way is great. He is a scholar, and all his ways are scholarlike. He occupies his own stand-point, thinks his own thoughts, finds his own premises in out-of-the-way places, and reasons in his own way. But he is not a great lecturer. He only talks, and he does not talk as well as he writes. His lecturing capital is all won in other fields of labour, yet he is always in request, and occupies his audiences in seeing what they can make of him. If they are pretty thoroughly stirred up to this effort, they always carry away something worth having."

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on Wednesday, Dec. 23 (the last day before the holiday recess), Mr. Stuart of Michigan, spoke on the Kansas question, sustaining Mr. Douglas and denouncing the Lecompton swindle. His speech is said to have been able and impressive.

Mr. Broderick, of California, followed on the same side, boldly declaring that the President and his Cabinet were alone responsible for all the recent troubles in Kansas. This was the first time he had known the President to descend from his high position, and attempt to coerce peaceable citizens to the will of illegal party-men. He was sorry to disagree with his party, for he believed he had rendered as much service in the election of Mr. Buchanan as any gentleman on this floor. He was also somewhat astonished at the forbearance of the people of Kansas toward the Delegates to the Convention. If the people had flogged them, cut their ears off, or sent them out of the Territory, he, for one, would have applauded them for it. He would not make any extended remarks now, but if the Lecompton Constitution should ever be presented to the Senate, he might have something to say about it then. He would remark that he was no Free-Soiler. In his own State his most bitterest opponents were Republicans.

In the House, on the same day, Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which, after a spirited debate, were adopted—the preamble by a vote of 107 to 77, the resolution by a vote of 118 to 72.

Whereas it appears from the proclamation of Brigham Young, late Governor of Utah, and from the President's Message, that said Territory is now in rebellion against the Government of the United States; therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on Territories be instructed to consider and report on the facts, and inquire into the propriety of excluding from a seat on the floor of the House the delegate from that Territory.

In relation to this action the correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"A declaration of war by the Federal Government against a Territory or State of the Union is an especially serious matter, though in the case of Utah its chief practical importance is its future possible significance as a precedent. If, in the heat and passion of a newspaper excitement, Utah can be summarily declared to be in open rebellion, so may Massachusetts, or Maryland, or South Carolina, or Virginia. In the case of Utah, its remoteness, the peculiar character and small amount of its population, make it unlikely that any serious immediate detriment will result from putting it under the ban of the Republic; yet in principle there is exactly the same reason for exercising caution and prudence in dealing with Utah as with the most powerful State of the Union. Brigham Young and his disciples are doubtless traitors in intention, but Congress has yet no official knowledge of any overt act of rebellion on their part. And of overt acts alone can the Government constitutionally take cognizance. The plunder and destruction of a train of contractors' wagons is an act of robbery, which subjects its perpetrators to severe penalties; but as the train was not under the flag of the United States, it is not treason. It may be morally just to hold the Territory of Utah responsible for the acts of these banditti, but it certainly is not legally right without more satisfactory evidence than is yet before Congress. A House that would declare Utah in rebellion because of the plunder of a baggage train and of Brigham Young's foolish speeches might be expected to put Massachusetts in the same category for a riotous attack on a Court-House or for the resolutions of an Abolition Convention. There is already a great disposition on the part of the Federal Government to revive the exploded and dangerous theories of constructive treason, and such a tendency cannot be too jealously guarded against.

"This movement in the House about Utah originated on the Southern side of the Chamber. It was started by a gentleman from Arkansas, though a large body of the Republicans voted for it, inconsiderately I think. We may expect from the South in Congress all manner of dodges to get rid of the Kansas question. The South besides would perhaps not be averse to establish a precedent under the authority of which the delegation from an Abolition State may yet be expelled or the State itself formally made war upon."

STINGING RETORT.—Satire was never more legitimately or effectually employed than in the following article from the Boston *Congregationalist* and in the tract therein spoken of. The anti-slavery party in the Tract Society (represented by *The Independent* and kindred papers) ask that Society, not to treat slavery as a sin to be abolished, but only to set forth the "duties of masters" to those whom they hold and *mean* to hold as chattels. What will that party say to the proposition to treat dancing and dancing masters in the same way, and to call upon the latter, not to cease their vocation, but to fulfil their "duties" therein in a Christian manner? It will be a most edifying spectacle to witness the "straining out" of this "gnat" by those who have found no difficulty in "swallowing the camel" of slavery.

"DUTIES OF DANCING-MASTERS."

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have had the privilege of reading in manuscript, a tract with the above title, which has just been sent for publication to the American Tract Society at New-York. It sets forth, in earnest and impressive language, and in a fraternal and Christian spirit, some of those moral duties which grow out of the function of a dancing-master, and some of those moral evils and vices which the practice of dancing is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians.

There can be no doubt that dancing-masters, both individually and as a class, have special temptations to neglect or disregard some of the duties of Christians. They have souls, whose welfare is to be cared for, they have obligations to their families, and to the young persons under their charge, which might be more perfectly fulfilled, and they have an influence in the community which it is highly desirable to direct towards pure and holy ends. In short, they, as well as other classes in the community, need to have their minds "stirred up by way of remembrance" to perform those duties which we are all too apt to neglect; and special appeal, for this end, is made to *Christian* dancing-masters in the Tract in question.

Since there seems to be, just now, no special animosity or concerted action of dancing-masters against the Tract Society, and since, therefore, the way seems open for an appeal to them before any objection on their part has had time to manifest itself (and thus necessarily cripple, and indefinitely postpone, the movements of the Society in relation to them), I trust your readers may ere long see this Tract published, and be able to aid in its distribution. O. K. W.

If the Tract Society accepts and publishes the tract above spoken of, our readers shall be promptly informed of the fact.

THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.—The resolutions in favour of a revival of the African Slave Trade, reported to the Legislature of South Carolina by a Special Committee and published in THE STANDARD of the 19th ult., have been rejected. *The* (Richmond) *South* expresses its "sincere satisfaction" with this result, and says:

"The policy of the measure was supported with signal ability by the Committee to whom the subject was referred. In candour we must admit their argument to be as near a demonstration as the nature of the case will allow. We have never denied that the South needs an additional supply of slave labour, and we have agreed that it can only be procured in Africa. We raise no difficulty on the point of expediency, supposing the object susceptible of attainment. It is a question of practical policy, and we have to determine whether it is possible under existing circumstances. We say it is not. We contend that the agitation of the question would seriously embarrass the interests of the South, while on a calculation of probabilities the chances are infinitely against the success of the enterprise. Shall the South, then, expose herself to present and positive injury for the sake of a remote and impracticable advantage? That is the issue, and for ourselves we are constrained to return a negative reply to the inquiry. It is in this light, we take it, that the Legislature of South Carolina view the matter, and hence we are not surprised at their decision. The unanimity of Southern sentiment is of too great importance to be hazarded by the introduction of extreme measures and brilliant paradoxes."

This is a confession that the slaveholders, in the present state of public opinion at the North, *dare not* urge a measure which they declare to be necessary to the prosperity of slavery. Perhaps, moreover, they have fears that the breeders of slaves in Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky may resist the repeal of the law which gives them a monopoly of the market for human flesh in the more Southerly slave States.

DIVISION OF TEXAS.—Many persons have indulged the hope that a free State would, at no distant day, be formed of the western portion of Texas. The number of slaves in that region being comparatively small, it has been thought that the friends of free labour therein would have an easy triumph over the peculiar institution whenever the increase of population and wealth should justify a division of the State. It will be remembered that the articles of annexation provide for the subdivision of Texas into not more than four States. The slaveholders, however, instead of waiting for the growth of a free State sentiment, are already planning for such a division as will add at least one more to the number of slave States. The New Orleans *Picayune*, after mentioning the geographical reasons for such a measure, naively says:

"The general political reason is the importance of increasing the strength of the South in the United States Senate, by the addition of more Senators, to check the increasing predominance of the non-slaveholding States, from the growth of free soil States in the North-West.

"One of the principal objections is that, perhaps, one of the new States may be a free State, by reason of the predominance in one portion of the State of settlers from Europe, who do not employ slave labour. That danger is overrated. It is proposed to avoid all apprehension on that subject by making a new State out of the First Congressional District as now constituted, which will be sure to adopt a slave Constitution, and in the remainder of the State—the original Texas—the preponderance is clear, and the constitutional provisions sufficiently decided."

The vigilance and cunning of the slaveholders will always be more than a match for the anti-slavery sentiment which rests only or mainly upon calculations of the pecuniary profitableness of free as compared with slave labour.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on his Correspondential longevity—He thinketh no small beer of himself—He claimeth precedence and pre-eminence—And maketh a suggestion—He humbleth himself and giveth his views as to prophecy—He toucheth perfunctorily on the Bazaar and magnifieth the same—His telleth of the ways and means of raising the wind to keep it away from the poor—Of the lectures of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Everett—Of the management of the Provident Societies—Of the City Library, its beginnings, progress and prospects—Of the Atlantic Monthly, &c., &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 28th, 1857.

I AM getting to be a voluminous author, as you may see, if you will cast your eyes on the Roman numerals indicative of how many letters I have sent to you. I wonder how many volumes they would make; and I wonder yet more that no enterprising publisher has thought of making his fortune by collecting them. But, I suppose that friendly task will be left to the pious hands of posterity. I feel a sincere compassion for myself when I consider how much pains I must have taken all along for this dozen or fifteen years in your behalf. I anticipate any ill-natured remark, by adding that I don't pity the readers at all; because ne'er a one needed to take the pains to read them unless he liked it, whereas I had to take the pains to write them, so that he might have the chance of refusing if he chose. I rather think that I am the Nestor of Correspondents to New York papers, and should be obeyed and respected accordingly, as the General Orders run when a new Militia Officer is called from behind the counter to the tented field. I should not wish to put myself forward at all; but I would say that I shall probably be in New York in the course of January, when a public dinner, or a service of plate, or any other little testimonial of the sense entertained of my private virtues and public services, might be gracefully tendered to me, either by the Press or the Citizens, generally.

So much in justice to myself. That despatched, I would say that I had a severe lesson just after I had sent off my last letter to you, which, you may remember, was on the very day of the Municipal election here. I am an instructive example to all prophets how they ever undertake to foretell events until after they have come to pass. Speaking of Mr. Lincoln, one of the candidates, I said that his antecedents were of no particular consequence, inasmuch as his chance of election was very small, or words "to that *defect*," as Dogberry says. To my horror and astonishment I discovered, just after it was too late, that he had beaten his competitor, Mr. Hall, by about two to one. I can only say, in defence of myself, that I had paid no attention whatever to the merits of the candidates or the process of the nomination or canvass, and supposed that the man of the Republicans and Know-Nothings united must win, whether or no. But somehow or other these allied politicians broke their shins over the logs they were rolling interchangeably and came ingloriously to the ground. There was a strong Hunker element in the election of Mr. Lincoln, but it was not sufficiently strong to have decided it had there not been a general disgust at the way in which the *trade* for the office was carried on between these two parties. So a real rising of citizens desirous of taking their affairs out of the hands of politicians, joined to the Hunker Whigs and Democrats, and the Irish and liquor interest, was sufficient to put a face on matters not merely different from what the parties interested expected, but from what I had prophesied. But I shall be very chary of my predictions hereafter. Mr. Lincoln is said to be a very intelligent man—a mathematical instrument maker by trade, which implies intelligence—and if he makes a good Mayor and is not over swift in hunting slaves, I will forgive him for having damaged my prophetic character.

The Anti-Slavery Bazaar closed on Saturday night, after a ten days' session. The pecuniary result was better than the most sanguine of its promoters had anticipated. I do not know the precise sum, but it was not far from three thousand dollars, rather exceeding that sum, I should guess, than falling short of it. Last year, it was five thousand; but the state of money matters has made the half this year more than the whole last. Besides this influence on the tide of their affairs, the managers had to contend, or to compete, with many other efforts of the same description to raise money for various objects. The quantity and variety of objects offered for sale was never greater. And there was never more taste or liberality displayed in the manufacture or the purchase abroad of the various beautiful and useful articles furnished by the anti-slavery zeal of Europe and America. As the official Report of the Managers will give you a much better account of all this than I can, I will spare my ink for some other purpose. The weather was generally very fair—there being but two bad days out of the ten. The newspapers were generally just and candid in what they had to say about it. *The Courier* was a natural exception to any general rule of fairness or gentlemanlike demeanour; but its malice was so coarse and stupid and its attempts at liveliness so ponderously lugubrious that even the most venomous Union-saver who came to smile must have remained to yawn over them, though they did make part of the breakfast equipage.

The weather has been very merciful to the poor thus far. Yesterday we had the first snow of the season, and the winter has been altogether a Southern one. All the benevolent societies have been active in raising the means of making the winter as easy as possible to the poor and workless. (Now, don't go and print that last word *worthless*. I have known you do as bad things.) All manner of methods have been devised for this purpose, concerts, oratorios, fairs, lectures. Mr. Phillips gave his lecture on "Man, the Reformer," last Thursday evening, in the Tremont Temple, for one of the Provident Societies, and Mr. Everett also gave one, a few nights before, in the same behalf. As $1,400 was obtained for this last effort, there can be no doubt as to the attractiveness of the speaker. And it would not be handsome to criticize too closely a speech having so good a purpose. If not ungracious, it might perhaps be said of it that the skill in drawing out the threads of the discourse and in weaving them into attractive forms was the more observable from the exiguity of the staple from which they were spun. However, it answered its purpose, as did that of Mr. Phillips, and put money into benevolent hands which will, doubtless, apply it to the best uses. The business of these societies, as I understand it, is to seek out the worthy poor who have too much self-respect to be clamorous of their needs and to minister to their necessities in whatever way may be most effectual. This is a most delicate as well as a most important work, always, but never so much so as this year, when the sudden ebbing of the flood-tide of our prosperity has left so many high and dry on the sand.

And *apropos* to Mr. Everett, he will soon have an opportunity of the most favourable kind for the exercise of his rhetorical skill. Next Friday, being New Year's day, the new building erected for the reception of the City Library will be delivered over by the Commissioners who have had it in charge to the Trustees appointed by the City to superintend it. Mr. Everett is the Chairman of this last Board, and we may be sure will do himself credit on the occasion. This Library is destined to be an institution of great magnitude and importance. Its object is to place books at the free disposal of every adult inhabitant who wishes to use them. It differs in this respect from the Astor Library, from which it is not allowable, I believe, to remove the books. The chief object of most public libraries is to preserve books; that of this is to use them up, if necessary, by reasonable wear and tear. No payment of any kind is required for the use of the books—merely the registering of the name of the applicant and his or her address. Every such person is thereafter permitted to take out books, subject only to the wholesome regulations of the library. The collection of books was made primarily for the use of the many, the needs of the few being postponed until these were supplied. The shelves were filled, first of all, with the best English literature, standard and contemporary. Histories, biographies, travels, poetry, novels, whatever makes up the daily food of reading people, were first furnished. And with regard to books in great demand, copies enough were furnished to keep all supplied. Any book that was called for was purchased, if it were a proper one. The number of persons using the library and the number of books used, has been regularly growing ever since its establishment, five or six years ago. The number of names on the list is over 15,000 and that of accounts nearly 14,000. The whole number of volumes delivered to readers during the past year was about 90,000, or an average of over 300 a day.

There is a reading-room attached to the library with the very largest collection of periodical works, American and foreign, in the country. This is always filled with silent readers. The scope of the library has, of course, been very much enlarged since the days of its small beginnings. This has been effected chiefly through the liberality of Mr. Bates, the London Banker, who gave it $50,000 for permanent fund, and has besides made most munificent specific donations of books. The departments of French, German, and Italian literature are already very well supplied and arrangements made for carrying them to great completeness. The foundation of the classical department has been well laid and it will be thoroughly perfected in time. Of course, there is some restriction as to the use of very rare and valuable books—none whatever as to their use within the walls, but as to their removal from the building. But as the number of persons wishing for the use of books of this kind is not large, no person able to satisfy the librarian of his worthiness and sufficiency will be likely to be denied them. For, as is well said in the first Report on the subject "a book is never so much in the way of its duty as when it is in the hand to be read or consulted." This is a proper complement of the system of public instruction. Every person who has learnt the use of his tools has here an inexhaustable quarry offered to his operatives without fee or rent-charge. I think its effect on the intelligence of the coming men can hardly be overestimated. I will give you a more detailed account of it hereafter, when I shall have seen the new building.

I suppose from your copying the entire of the political article of the December Number of the Atlantic Monthly that you liked it. I don't know whether your approval will be generally considered any recommendation of it or not. Its authorship has not yet been settled satisfactorily. It is attributed to seven or eight persons, women as well as men, and no word of assistance in fixing it upon the right one, even if the right one be among the number, can be got out of anybody connected with the Magazine. You will be glad to hear, however, that it did not damage the sale of the next Number. I was assured by the highest authority that the orders for the January Number were greater than for either of the others, and that the demand for the "back numbers" is so great that a new edition will have to be struck off to meet it. I think, if the Magazine take and maintain a strong Northern ground in politics and take care to have its literary matter of the highest rank of excellence, there can be no doubt of its permanent success. This last it will be likely to secure by the wise liberality of the publishers in the payment of authors. This, I am assured, is very considerably beyond what has been generally paid for contributions in this country, and fully equal to the English average of prices. Its sale has been absolutely greater than that of any other Magazine ever established in the country, for the same length of time—which, considering that it was launched at the very blackest moment of the Eclipse, may be considered a good offing. The 25,000 with which it started at such a time, we may reasonably compute would have been 50,000 in ordinarily fair weather. Indeed, one of the publishers told me they were unable to fulfil orders from distant parts of the country, at first, from the impossibility of getting their returns, through the derangement of the exchanges. D. T.

DECLINE IN THE PRICE OF SLAVES.—A writer in *The* (Richmond) *South* reproves the *Dispatch* for giving its readers a wrong impression in regard to the market for human flesh. He says, under date of Dec. 14:

"To show that the prices given in the *Dispatch* are not to be had, and slightly artificial, and must be above what slaves are bringing, and to prevent owners and sellers of slaves from being misled, I request that you publish the sale of seven, made on Thursday, by the leading house here, and probably the same who posted the *Dispatch*: A No. 1 field-hand, black, 22 years old, $620. No. 2, a woman, stout and healthy, a good cook, $475. No. 3, a No. 1 brown fancy woman, 26 years, good seamstress, $530. No. 4, man and wife, 40 and 30, man slightly unsound, taken in at $670 for the pair. No. 6, a man, about 27, $416. Little *niggers*, from 5 to 7 years, so low that they are generally sold in lots or by the dozen.

"The above sale is regarded as a fair test of the market, as the subjects were fresh from the country and fully guaranteed, and the auctioneer exerted himself to obtain high prices."

These, says the Washington *Republic*, are less than half the prices current six months since, and the actual prospects of the Democratic party do not justify the hope of any favourable reaction in the market. All the cases are intelligible enough, except case No. 3. What possibly may be intended by a "*fancy woman*," is not altogether clear. Some little room is left here for the imagination.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LORING.—A correspondent of *The Liberator* says that all but four of the Protestant clergymen in the intensely conservative town of Salem have put their names to the petition for the removal of Edward G. Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for Boston. The list of clerical signers is headed by the venerable Brown Emerson, D.D., the oldest clergyman in Essex County, followed by Dr. James W. Thompson, the oldest Unitarian minister in Salem, and they are followed by ten others of various denominations.

INSULT TO "THE LAMENTED BROOKS!"—*The* (Richmond) *South*, in some remarks upon the construction of the Committees of the U. S. House of Representatives, says:

"Of the appointment of Clingman to the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, we have already spoken in fit terms of approbation. We are happy to find that Barksdale is associated with him—Barksdale, than whom no braver Southern spirit breathes even in the State of Mississippi. But Burlingame is there, too! Forgive the insult, shade of the lamented Brooks! The affront were bad enough from any Southern Speaker; offered by a South Carolinian, it cuts with rankling effect."

PRO-SLAVERY WESLEYANS.—A correspondent of *The Wesleyan* says that a pro-slavery Wesleyan Church, composed of persons who voted for Buchanan, has been organized at West Point, Wisconsin. Strange to say, they found a preacher of the denomination willing to serve them upon the condition of not preaching on the subject of slavery!

MEETINGS IN NEW JERSEY.—A highly interesting series of anti-slavery meetings was held last week, in ORANGE, Essex Co., N. J., and during the present week three similar meetings have been held at CALDWELL, in the same County. We hope to receive an account of these meetings in time for our next issue.

Summary.

An impertinent editor in Alabama wants to know when we "intend to pay 'the debt of nature.'" We are inclined to think that when nature gets her dues from him, it will be by an *execution*.—*Louisville Journal*.

A man by the name of Smith was recently convicted by the Lexington (Miss.) Circuit Court of whipping a negro woman to death, and was sentenced therefor to thirty years' labour and imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

If they don't like the Constitution, why, in the name of Africa and lemons, don't they vote it down?—*N. O. Bulletin*.

Because they have not got a chance; and why, in the name of America and apples, are they not to have one?—*Ohio Statesman*.

WOULD YOU?—A Reverend naturalist, named Wood, has written a very pretty book, called *My Feathered Friends*. It has had such success in America that the Abolitionist Missionary has pirated the title, and issued *My Turred and Feathered Friends*.

Slatter, the great slave-dealer of New Orleans, who has become a millionaire from selling human beings on the market-block, was the "gentleman" who went the $2,000 security for the appearance of Gen. Walker, the new "pirate of the Gulf."

ARTISTIC SLAVES.—There is in Richmond, Va., a family of juvenile slaves, seven in number, who play upon the saxe-horn. Sixty thousand dollars have been offered for them, but they are to be sent to Europe, where it is expected that their musical talents, from the fact of their being slaves, will create a sensation.

GOOD SALE.—The sale of the property of James Crockett, Sr., came off near Wytheville on Wednesday last. Some twelve valuable negroes were sold, averaging about $550 each—field hands—men ranging from $700 to $900, women from $400 to $700.—*The South*.

THE SAVANNAH FUGITIVE.—The Savannah *Georgian* says of the fugitive who lately claimed the attention of the City Court of Brooklyn: "Jim, while in Savannah, put up as a free-and-easy gentleman at a first-class hotel, swore at the 'lazy niggers' that would not wait on him, spent his money like a lord, and dressed in the last mode de Paris, and always chose the highest folks to converse with. He was valued at $1,600, and has a wife in the North. He used to be engaged in a coffee house in Charleston."

ATTACKED BY A CATAMOUNT.—Mr. G. Hodgen, of Newton, N. H., was attacked by a catamount on Thursday evening last. After following him some distance, the cat jumped upon his back, knocked him down and fastened its claws in a thick plaid he happened to wear at the time. The plaid came off in the struggle, and before the *loup cervier* could extricate his talons from the worsted, Mr. Hodgdon managed to reach a place of safety.

DEMOCRATS IN LUCK.—Mr. Joshua R. Giddings is said to be well again, but unable to participate in the debate. That's lucky.—*Boston Post*.

It is lucky for the Democrats, for nothing puts them in greater

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LITTLE ABOLITIONIST.

By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave."

[Written for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Sally hastily sought her room the moment she entered the house, and, throwing aside her cloak and smoothing her deranged curls, descended to the parlours, where the ladies were waltzing.

"Oh, that divine polka!"

"That fascinating schotish!"

"That entrancing Redowa!"

"Intoxicating Mazourka!"

Such were the expressions which met Sally's ears, breathed out by the delighted and over-heated belles. Fans were fluttering, eyes were sparkling brighter than jewels, and voices were buzzing, while silks and gems and laces waved in a sea of splendour. Music rich and soft floated upon the charmed air, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

How different from the desolate death-bed from which Sally had just come! She stood pale and listless amid this splendid confusion.

A lady and gentleman swept by her and passed near the open door of the conservatory to admire a very large camelia. The thread of their conversation, which seemed to have been broken for a moment, was resumed by the gentleman.

"And so you always shed tears when you read Dickens?"

"Yes; the story of Smike—poor Smike, in 'Nickleby'—always excites me painfully, and I rejoice to think it is all mere fiction."

Sally turned full upon the gayly dressed belle, and said, "We have many Smikes among us."

The lady and gentleman started in surprise at this sudden interpolation.

"Yes," continued Sally, "very many Smikes have we among us. We don't choose to recognise them, because their faces are sometimes several shades darker than our own. And we play Squeers instead of reading about him, and comfort ourselves with the assurance that we would have knocked him down if we had been there, while the poor little black-faced Smike that scrambles among the coals at our feet, as we weep over Dickens's story, is all unnoticed (except in the way of a generous cuff) by us."

"You have been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I suppose," replied the gentleman.

"Rather say I have witnessed scenes darker than the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' can set forth."

"Shall we not go into the conservatory?" said the belle, as she laid her hand upon his arm; and they swept on.

Soon after, Emily Granton came up.

"Why, Sally, where *have* you been all the evening?"

"To the house of sorrow, Emily. I have seen things this night that make me hate my home, my race and myself."

"Where have you been? Up stairs, dreaming, I expect. Did you go in to supper?"

"I do not want supper ever again if it is procured at such cost."

"Nonsense; what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you after awhile?"

"Come, go with me to supper," and, slipping her arm within her friend's, they went into the supper-room, which was brilliant with lights, flowers and fruits, &c. Groups of gentlemen were laughing over their wine, and here and there a gay girl was flirting in the recess of a bay-window.

Handsome mulatto and full-blooded negroes, all finely-developed men, were gliding round the table, obeying with alacrity every call and every order. It was painfully ludicrous to hear a dapper little man, scarcely five feet tall, one of nature's very cheats, call out "boy" to a fine, noble-looking black man of splendid proportions. What an inversion! Nature had given the right of authority to the other pary.

All this impressed and saddened Sally. She could not wait, and so began to tell Emily where she had been and what she had seen. Of course, Miss Granton was surprised and horrified to think that her friend would go to *such* a place at *such* an hour.

"Never mind '*the proper*,' Emily; only tell me what you think of the incident—tragedy I might call it."

"To be sure, it is bad, but then nobody is to blame. It could not be avoided. Holton must attend to his work. There was no one who could fill his place. It is only one of those unpleasant things that grow out of the situation of servitude."

"Exactly so, my dear, one of the very many evils that flow from the vile institution of slavery."

"Another time for this, dear Sally. Let us be pleasant to-night. No disputes, no arguments."

Thus importuned to silence, Sally despatched her supper hastily; and they soon returned to the parlours. There was the stately Clara Manners, whirling round in the maze of a slow German waltz, looking more like an ice queen than a dancing girl.

Shortly after, as Sally was standing alone, gazing upon the company, Emily Granton came up and said, in a merry tone,

"Come, Sally, come with me. You think the slaves are all so unhappy, and have witnessed such a terrible scene to-night, I want to show you the opposite page, that your dreams may be pleasant."

She followed her out into the yard, where, looking through the kitchen window, they perceived a circle of darkies formed into a regular Virginia reel, keeping accurate time to the music of a fiddle, played by an old blind negro. Just as they looked in, Joe led down the file, with a handsome and active mulatto. She was in the very spirit of the music, seeming to fly rather than move. But what was their surprise to perceive Joe rejoicing in Sally's favourite head-dress, a wreath of flowers and feathers, which she had purloined from the trunk; and more daring still, she wore upon her arms a pair of Clara Manners's bracelets, while Sally's scarlet coat was thrown carelessly over her shoulders to protect her from the night air that stole in through a partially open window.

"Oh, dear," cried Joe, as she turned to her partner, "what a *splendiferous* set that was!"

"It was the most finest one I ever had."

"Now, you wouldn't say so if you was talkin' to Jane Simpson"; and here Joe opened one of Clara Manners's spangled fans and began to flirt across it with her merry eyes.

"Now, Miss Jose, you's no right to doubt my 'racity that kind o' way," and our *Sambo D'Orsay*, who was dressed like an exquisite, laid his hand on his heart and sighed equal to his brother in the parlour.

"I doesn't doubt yer, Mr. Johnson, but I hearn what you said 'bout me to Jane Simpson, last holiday."

Love, true love is always accusative. LIKE PARLOUR, LIKE KITCHEN!

"I never said anything agin you, Miss Jose, kase you know how my 'miration has allers bin yours."

"Laws, Mr. Johnson!" and Joe hid her face coquettishly behind the fan.

A plain, coarsely-dressed negro girl passed and offered to speak to Joe, who turned contemptuously off, saying,

"I doesn't speak to common people."

"That girl is not 'spectable, Miss Joe, and I am glad you did not speak to her. She lives long wid some poor white trash on the hill. I'm s'prised to see her here."

Joe tossed her head and said she would not dance in the same set with the girl who was not "respectable."

But the whole dance was put to an end by the entrance of a coloured girl who announced that the white folks' party was about to break up, and the ladies would want their maids. This, of course, ended the coloured fandango.

It is always a custom in slave States for the slaves to dance and make merry in the kitchen while the whites are doing the same in the house. Each lady carries her own maid, to lace her boots and attend to the various little extra touches of the toilette; and where such a number are gathered, the slaves naturally catch the spirit of the time.

Emily thought she had presented her side of the question in the most triumphant manner, but the first scene did not so soon fade from Sally's mind. She thought of it when she lay upon her bed that night, surrounded by all the elegancies of wealth.

CHAPTER IX.

The next morning, when they met at the breakfast-table, the ladies were full of the excitement of the previous evening. Mrs. Granton was in high feather; it had been called the most brilliant party of the season. All had enjoyed themselves, and, therefore, everybody was pleased with himself and his neighbour.

Emily Granton was in high spirits. She thought she had quite demolished Sally, and had a good joke against her besides; but, in narrating the scene, she excited Miss Clara's indignation by mentioning the bracelets and fan which adorned Joe's person.

"Well," exclaimed Clara, "that negro's impudence is unequalled, and she wore *my* bracelets and used *my* fan!"

"Yes, and Sally's head-dress and mantle," put in Emily.

"Oh, that is different; Sally is willing, I suppose, to allow her such liberties; but I don't wish my servant to use my wardrobe."

"I don't know that I fancy the familiarity, but still, if these poor creatures had the time and the right to their own work, we would not find them committing such depredations upon our property," said Sally.

"*That* is a concession from you!" and Miss Clara curved her red lips.

After breakfast, Sally sought Holton, and learned from him that his mother died at the early dawn. The poor boy was calm, but one could see, beneath the dead silence of his manner, his agony of grief. She gave him the message which his mother left for him.

"Oh, Miss," said Holton, "she did not know me; talked wild like. I wish she could have said something to me; it would have been a power of comfort."

Mrs. Manners heard of Sally's midnight visit to the cabin of the dying woman, and was, of course, highly offended, pronouncing it the height of impudence.

Miss Clara was extremely severe in her judgment against such conduct. But Sally did not regard this. She felt self-justified, and did not care for criticism. Poor Joe was badly punished for her fun. Sally was very sorry that Emily had informed against her, and Joe stoutly denied the whole affair.

So the trip ended none too pleasantly for any of them. Sally caught a violent cold on that night, having gone out with only a light opera cloak around her. She coughed frightfully, and was for weeks confined to her room. During those hours of pain and languishment, good mammy watched faithfully beside her foster-child. She was a constant presence in the room. It was she who watched every variation in the patient's face, smoothed the pillow, rubbed her feet, brought the cooling draught, gliding about with noiseless step, darkening the room and making all sweet and comfortable. She was a very sunbeam to that sick girl.

All Southerners know what fine and tender nurses the slave women make. Their fond ways, their good-natured faces, their forbearance, coaxing tones and gentle touch make them queens in the sick-chamber! They have all known the time when a white face was a nuisance and a black one a blessing!

Poor Sally felt that the very springs of her life were giving way. The pulmonary disease which she inherited from her mother had been rapidly developed; besides, she had that prescience of danger which left no doubt of the result. She was only eighteen; and if she should die what would become of mammy and the poor people whom the law gave her? Dying under twenty-one, she would not be allowed to make her will, and this made her want to live. Her eyes would follow her mammy as she moved about the room, and rest so lovingly, longingly upon her! She thought she often saw her mammy wiping the tears from her eyes, and then many deep sighs came to her ears. She knew who it was that grieved so.

The winter was just closing, and the sweet spring, that childhood of the year which we so much love, was making glad the earth. Sally felt strength come to her with the blossoming of the flowers. Mammy used to wheel her chair up in front of a French window, looking out upon a pretty flower-garden. There Sally would sit for hours and drink in the sunshine, while mammy stood beside her, playing with the long brown curls, and stroking the fair, artless brow. Their communion was free, unrestrained and beautiful. This girl grew up in the very hot-bed of conservatism, surrounded by slavery, and yet so naturally had she lived that no thought of the distinction of race troubled her. She leaned as fondly now on her mammy's breast as in her childish days. The love of this poor mulatto never failed her; it showed no sign of change or diminution; and now, in the hour of sickness, it came a very benison.

It was strange to see, of a still spring evening, mammy supporting Sally on her arm, as they strolled through the garden. She was so tender of her, watched so anxiously every motion, was so careful to remove every little pebble from her path, to select for her the prettiest flowers and guard her against the blowing of the softest wind, often bearing her entire weight upon her own old, loving arms!

Mrs. Manners and Clara were preoccupied with visiting. They were out every day, and came seldom to the chamber of Sally. They contented themselves with sending a servant up every morning to inquire how she felt and if she wanted anything. When asked about her, Clara always said, "Oh, Sally is morbid." Mrs. Manners pronounced her only "sentimental" or "sickly sentimental." She rather guessed the child would outgrow her folly, but those of the friends who sometimes saw her read a death-doom in the piercing brightness of her eye and fiery glow of her cheek; and then that hacking cough was full of warning.

"Give me only three years more, and I will be glad to go," Sally would say, when they spoke of her recovery. If she clung with tenacity to life, it was because duty to others seemed to require it. She trembled for her mammy, and so every little promise of coming health was hailed with delight. She fancied that strength came with the warm days, and she nerved herself for every physical effort.

One day, when she was sitting quietly looking out upon the garden, Mrs. Manners came in, and, drawing a chair near her, inquired very kindly after her condition.

"I hope I shall soon be well, aunt;" and Sally tried to smile pleasantly.

"Well, dear, I have a letter from your aunt Catherine. She writes me that almost as soon as this letter reaches me she will be with us. Shan't you be glad to welcome her and your cousins?"

"Oh, yes, aunt, I am sure it will be pleasant to see her. Will she bring Maggie and Mary? they must be much grown since I last saw them."

"We will go with them on a visit to your Aunt Emily, and I am sure, if you will only consent to be more cheerful and not think upon things which you can't control or help, that you will get well, and be such a comfort and pleasure to us! Indeed, Sally, we all love you very much. And I hope you will get over your early, childish prejudice against your Aunt Emily. I am sure she loves you."

"She has lately come to it, then, aunt; and besides, is it reasonable to suppose that she cares for me? You know she is excessively fashionable, and dislikes anything vulgar, which you all say I am, and I suppose it is a true charge."

"I like your sincerity and ardour, dear, but pray try to moderate them. Society has demands upon us all, and, to keep up the social compact, we must consent to bear with certain things that perhaps are not so very pleasant. I think with years you will outgrow this intensity, but I shan't bother you with this now."

And so saying, she kissed her tenderly and withdrew.

Mammy had stood just without the door and overheard this conversation. Pretty soon after, she came in, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Oh, dear chile," said she, sinking down beside Sally. "What makes 'em talk so? I hearn what Miss Manners said to you, and it all but breaks my heart to have 'em feel so to you. Now, I knows the reason; I'se bin thinkin' 'bout it; its 'cause you talks so much agin keepin' black folks slaves; 'cause you don't like to see 'em whipped and allers cries when you hears of 'em bein' sold. Now, baby—far you still 'pears like baby to me—I just wouldn't do it any more; it don't do no kind o' good, only makes 'em mad with you." The tears were fairly plashing down her cheeks. "You has no mother, nor father, an' is so lonesome like, I can't bear for 'em all to turn agin you."

Sally was weak from sickness, and the hour was a softening one; the old woman's voice was tender—life was dreary—the grave seemed near—so she leaned her head upon her mammy's breast, and wept like a child!

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW YEAR.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I.

'Twixt two enchanted isles—as sailors tell—
Where sparkling waters with sweet murmur glide,
A buoy, upbearing on its crest a bell,
Rings out a chime at every turn of tide!
Lo! Time, great tide-wave from Eternal Seas,
Comes flowing and goes ebbing with the year,
Yet tolls no silver sound upon the breeze,
But swings so noiseless, not an ear can hear!

II.

Another year hath flown—who heard its wing?
Who saw it rise, and bid its nest farewell?
That lark, that upward soars, begins to sing;
But from the mounting year no signal fell!
Yet had we seen it—gleaming up the skies—
The eye had gazed to make the heart deplore;
For, ah! we might have read, with sad surprise,
What solemn message heavenward it bore!

III.

There fell a shadow from a wintry cloud;
The year, long caged, escaped; 'twas dead of night;
O'er mantled snow—like spirit from a shroud—
It rose on silent wing, and sped its flight!
So when Life's winter with its night appears,
We like the birds shall seek a sunnier clime;
For God, who guides the rapid flight of years,
Hath lent a wing to Life, to fly o'er Time!

IV.

Stern Time—how unrelenting is its power!
It builds an arch, then crumbles it away;
It swells a bud, and then destroys the flower;
It moulds a life, then dashes it to clay!
It summons from his throne the monarch crown'd,
And looses from his chain the bonded slave;
It heaps o'er both alike the mouldy mound,
And crumbles down the stone that marks the grave!

V.

And yet, ne'er count these coming, going years
As number'd pulses of a Life that dies!
Life never dies—but only changes spheres;
Awhile on earth, then ever in the skies!
The measure-glass is held in God's own hands:
Our first and earthly life may soon be run,
Yet still exhaustless are the ebbing sands;
And so Eternity and Time are one!

VI.

The mirror of our Life, with double ray,
Reflects one image in the light of Time;
The other shines in the Eternal Day;
We do not see it, yet 'tis more sublime!
The year, departed, is not with the past;
Its fate, fulfill'd, shall evermore endure;
Ah! then, we pray the New Year may forecast
A destiny more fair, to life more pure!

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE DEAN OF PIMLICO.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

We were staying during the Christmas week at the Bishop's Palace at X——; a small party—chiefly young people, with a sprinkling of the cleric order. It had snowed most pertinaciously for three days, thus precluding all out of doors amusement, so we were thrown upon our own resources to create enjoyment at home, and kindle artificial sunshine around the yule log, and beneath the mistletoe. And so it came to pass that on the last evening of the old year, after supper, and when our dear and venerable prelate had retired to his rest, one of his grandsons, a fine bright lad just fresh from Harrow, made a lively proposition that we should all sit up till twelve o'clock, and keep vigil, to see the death and the birth, the exit and the entrance of the old and the new year; to say "farewell" to the former, and cry "all hail" to the latter: and to behold these two great shadows meet and mingle for a second on the vast dial-plate of time, and then pass, and part forever more. This motion of our young friend's was carried, no man dissenting; and furthermore, we agreed to beguile the "cripple tardy-gaited night" in telling stories each in his turn, thus establishing a sort of abridged Decameron, but neither so witty or so wicked as the Florentine's; or an "English Night's Entertainment" on an epitomized scale to that of Sultan Schariar, but wanting the cutting off of the heads, and the mulericide of that sanguineous potentate. The young people commenced—the Harrow man leading the van; their narratives were not over wise, but then they were not over long, and if they were wanting in learning and wit, they produced laughter and kept up good humour, which was all we required. Then followed a sentimentally intoned, and somewhat lugubrious recital from the pale young curate of Hazlewhittle-cum-Shiveringham, which had this remarkable feature, that the most melancholy parts of the narrative were sure to produce most concealed mirth among the younger auditory; and what the pensive narrator put forth as pathos seemed ever to be considered by his hearers as purest bathos. Doctor Broadhurst next took up his parable, and narrated his adventures in the great snow of 18——, during a ride from Oxford to C——, when his "black mare balled in her hoofs—slipped—slided—sliddered, and eventually stumbled and fell prone; prostrating the learned Doctor on the surface of the snowy element, who lost on the occasion his equilibrium and his blue spectacles. And this fall had nothing of miracle in it, seeing the Doctor was purblind quoad his vision, and plethoric quoad his person, and thereby unfitted to perform the functions of the equestrian order, &c." "Probumcit humi bos," whispered the Harrovian. It was now eleven o'clock, and none remained but myself, and our honoured guest the Dean of Pimlico, who looked so intelligent and had such a sparkle in his pure gray English eye, and such a meeting of the waters of benevolence and sarcasm around his well-cut mouth, that calling to mind what the great Ussher once said of Bishop Bedell, "broach him, and you will find good liquor in him," I felt certain that the Dean of Pimlico—"clarum et venerable nomen"—would not belie either his face or his fame by the quality of his narrative. So I briefly and simply told what had befallen me by night at an old Inn in the City of Gloucester where George Whitfield was born, and the comfort I had received, in an hour of depression, from the chimes of an ancient clock, most sweet and clear, ringing out, over the still midnight air, a Gregorian tone. My tale was short, and my audience applauded me—an unexpected compliment, paid, I suspect, more to the brevity of my story than produced by its weight. And now all eyes were turned upon the Dean of Pimlico, who, crossing his strong but well-shaped limbs on the hearth-rug, with a white handkerchief in his hand, and a clear and ringing voice, and a preliminary smile, and a little hem, as if he were about to deliver a charge to his chapter, proceeded as follows:

It was about this night seven years that I was standing on my own drawing-room hearth-rug, thinking of nothing, and listlessly watching the footman who was extinguishing the waxlights in the lustre; for I had had a bachelor's dinner party, and my guests were just departed—when suddenly there came a tremendous double knock at the hall door, disturbing the silence of the night, and expressive of haste and much mental agitation in him who knocked. On the door being opened, some one bounded up the stairs with such a wonderful velocity and eagerness that I immediately concluded it must be either a highwayman or else my nephew Harry, a young divinity student; but who, having Irish blood in his veins, occasionally exhibited more vivacity than just suited the sober standard of my staid domicile. True enough it was he, and his first appearance rather alarmed me, for I love the lad in my soul, and he is to be my heir. On the present occasion his face was flushed, his hair in disorder, and his eye and aspect troubled and excited.

"Well, Harry, what *is* the matter? What has brought you up like a ghost in a tragedy, at this witching hour of night, to murder sleep, and disturb me and my decorous household? Speak now, or else forever hereafter hold thy peace."

"O, uncle," exclaimed the young fellow, seating himself in an arm-chair, "I have done a deed, half an hour ago, which must affect my whole future life, and at which I am sure you will be displeased; and so I came here, late though it be, to tell of my distress, and ask for counsel."

"Why, what in the name of wonder have you been dooing?" I exclaimed. "Say, Stagyrite, have you been libelling Sam of Oxford; or publishing a pasquinade on Dr. Pusey; or administering strychnine to Cardinal Wiseman?"

"No, I assure you, uncle," answered the simple-hearted, matter-of-fact young fellow, "I have never written any libel on the Lord Bishop; and as for Dr. Pusey, I have only seen him once, when I could not believe it was he; and in regard to Dr. Wiseman, whatever I *might*——"

"Come, come," interrupted I, "let us have no scandalum magnatum. He *has* an indubitable position, though not from us or with us; but what is the cause of your trouble, Harry?"

"Why, uncle, I was dining to-day at our cousin's, General O'Brien's. You know you always wished me to cultivate that family; they are so accomplished, so pious and so charming."

"Humph," said I, "no doubt they are; but I can guess what is coming."

"And so, uncle, after having been acquainted with them for the last six weeks, led on by the irresistible ardour of an attachment founded on rational esteem" [here I smiled], "cemented by long intercourse" ["six weeks to wit," thought I], and developing a golden future of domestic happiness" ["More gold, I fear, in the brain than in the bank," I mentally ejaculated], "I proposed, and was accepted to-night by Mary O'Brien; and we have agreed to be married immediately after my ordination. Now, uncle, are you angry with your poor nephew, your sister's son, for taking this step without your express knowledge and sanction?"

"Well, I confess I have a right to be angry. You know I am your guardian, and stand to you in loco parentis, and you ought to have consulted me before you took the plunge, and not to have come to me now all dripping and drowned, and in this thorough Irish fashion, after the deed was done, under the pretence of asking advice, but in reality seeking for approbation. I am, however, less angry than I ought to be, for two reasons; first, because from the Hibernian impetuosity of your temperament I always felt that you *would* achieve an exploit of this kind sooner or later; and secondly, I *do* think most highly of your choice, if she had a few more years notched in her life's young calendar, and a little of added experience to suit her for a clergyman's wife."

"O! dear uncle, Mary is full eighteen years of age, and I assure you is as wise——"

"As Minerva, no doubt," I said, "and as experienced in menage matters as Hecuba. Well, we will grant all this for argument's sake; but how are you to live, Harry? Whence are you to have 'the supplies?' Love is poor to a proverb; Love is a pauper, and makes more paupers than he has pence to fill their pockets with. Love cannot furnish your house; or feed your children, for I presume you intend having children. Love cannot buy you a loin of veal, or gammon of bacon, nor worsted hose, or Welsh flannel, in case you or Mary should become rheumatic, which you probably will be when you come to my years.

"O, uncle, uncle, how can you conjure up such ideas?" said Harry, half laughing. "The truth is that we have quite enough to marry on; for there is a hundred pounds a year which Mary's aunt and godmother, Lady L., settled on her; and then my curacy will bring in a hundred pounds more, annually: then something will come to us at the General's death; but this Mary will not suffer me to speak of. And then— and then—"

"Proceed," said I, well-knowing what the young fellow was going to say.

"Why, uncle," said he, taking my hand, and looking so wonderfully like my dear sister, with his fair complexion, and wistful, earnest eyes—"we thought and reckoned on *your* goodness; that as you have been ever like a father to your orphan nephew, and as you seem to admire Mary most of all the General's other eight daughters, and as you are always as generous as a prince" [I assure you, gentlemen, the young fellow was quite wrong here, and knew nothing about me], "so we were sanguine on having a little settlement from *you* also, until such time as I have obtained a living, and done my duties in such a manner as to deserve it."

"Well, Harry," said I, "I am sure you will be an active and earnest minister. You cannot help it, Harry; you have it from nature; you are physically and constitutionally fidgetty and mercurial, as is your country's fashion; you have a kindly nature, too, my boy, and no doubt will make an exemplary married man, your domestic organs having a most amiable development. And so, as for the settlement you speak of, it shall be forthcoming in due time, I promise you; but now that the shock of your sudden appearance has subsided, I confess I feel rather sleepy; and you will forgive me if I say, inclined to yawn. I am not in love, and must therefore go to bed, and I advise you by all means to go home quietly and do the same. So, good night, my dear lad; we will meet at ten o'clock breakfast."

I offered him my hand, but he clasped his arms round me like a child, and though I felt ashamed at the action, I could not but return the pressure; and so we parted, just as the clock on the mantle-piece struck the hour of twelve.

Henry Font was my sister's only child. His father was an Irishman, and a captain of dragoons, and was shot in the saddle during a cavalry charge in India. They called it a "brilliant affair," but it killed my poor sister, and made Harry an orphan before he was six years old. Old Mr. Font, his grandfather, now took him up, and had him at his castle in the wilds of Connaught, schooling him in Galway town, and afterwards entering him into the College of Dublin, where he had not been many months when the old gentleman died, and I took immediate possession of Harry, and had him to Cambridge—to old Trinity—my own college; where he gained many honours, for the lad inherited diligence and a taste for learning from *my* side of the house, and was naturally smart enough, besides possessing a wonderful talent for making friends, from his enthusiasm, his simplicity and the purity of his life. I certainly was charmed at having rescued the poor fellow from the University of Dublin; for though I acknowledge that the courses of the sciences are well looked after there, I must ever denounce their imperfect manner of composition, and making Latin verses [here the Dean's manner became slightly accidulated, yet piquant as a lemon lozenge], "they may compose clumsy hexameters, or stiff mechanical pentameters. Sapphics too they may achieve; but I do avow, gentlemen; nay, insist on it, that the Dhoriambic—the Choriambic laughs them to scorn."

He paused here a little excited, and then went calmly on.

"Well, gentlemen, that I be not further tedious to you, my nephew was ordained in March, and married in April; the ceremony took place in the cathedral of Pimlico; it was performed by our dear and right reverend host, assisted by your humble servant. It was a quiet wedding; Mary's eight handsome smiling sister lassies officiating as bridesmaids, and the old general in full uniform (he was colonel of the Connaught Rangers, the gallant eighty-eighth), with golden aiguilettes on his shoulder, and sparkling crosses on his breast, and true valour in his heart, and a strong County of Clare accent on his tongue. Short of an eye, like Hannibal, and minus a leg, like Lord Anglesey, this fine old veteran stumped up the aisle, and frankly gave his lovely blushing daughter away. 'She was number six,' he said, and he had 'no better or fairer than his Mary.' And the stern soldier, who had led a forlorn hope more than once, and would march up with composure to the iron mouths of a gun battery, now broke down into nature's softness; and as he bid the bride a weeping farewell, the heart of steel became like virgin wax. I wished their bridal tour should be to Cumberland or Scotland, and expressed this desire, as I slipped a bank post bill into Harry's hand on his getting the license; but no, he was a regular lover of the Green Isle, and *there* he would go, and Mary was of course sympathetic, and as patriotic as he. I then suggested their going to see Armagh, which I had heard of as a rather civilized part of Ireland, with a cathedral, and archiepiscopal palace, to be a refuge in case of any popular outbreak, or attack from the whiteboys, rebels, or assassins of other denominations. But no; my gentleman was firm, and he was determined to visit the 'Wild West,' and trace the ruins of his ancestor's old Castle of *Kilmanmore*, on the banks of what he called the *Killeries*. I certainly listened to these sanguineous appellations with a shudder, which was not allayed when he further announced his intention of going among some friends of his lady's residing in the County of Tipperary, close under the *Knock me down Mountains*,* and from thence they were to visit an aunt of the young wife's, the Dowager Lady L—— residing (they told me, laughing actually at what made my few particular hairs to enact porcupine quills *a la Hamlet*) in a lone old place called *Kilbride* Hall, near the town of Ballyragget; but whether the first syllable of this last was spelled with an *a* or an *e*, I protest I know not, save that the name of the locality seemed to me to sound grisly, and to irresistibly associate with itself the phantoms of Irish hunger and nakedness.

Well, they had their happy tour; and in six months after their marriage he wrote to me as cheerfully and lovingly as usual, and asking my permission to accept a curacy offered to him in the County of Donegal; a region only known to me as existing on the map, and of the manners, customs, physical aspect, and population of which I was as little cognoscente as I was of the interior of Australia, or the steppes of Tartary. But I wrote my consent, adding my blessing; and there he continued for a whole year, visiting his people, the little wife going everywhere with him, working amidst his poor and his parishioners, and becoming perfectly conversant with the names of every hill and every hamlet, nay, I believe, actually enamoured of their "Kills," and their "Knocks," their "Slieves," their "Duns," their "Raths," their "Inishes," their "Ballys," and their "Bogs." I had an occasional letter from old friend, Dr. B——, the bishop of the diocese, speaking most highly of poor Harry; and one from himself, telling me how he had been twitted by the leading dissenter in his parish with "reading his sermon from a book," and that he had now become an extemporary preacher; at which, I shrugged up my shoulders, shook my head, and cried, "Foolish fellow!"

Every summer he came to see me during five years, till at last he joyfully announced that the old Earl of D——, whom he had met at a friend's house, had offered him his family living in a southern country. It was worth a clear six hundred pounds per annum; and he took possession of it shortly after he had left me for Ireland. And now came long letters from him and Mary, descriptive of the delights of their new residence, the grandeur of the earl's great oaks, the beauty of his forest walks, the river which swept through the park, and the extraordinarily rich and beautiful lights, and shadows, and purple tints which glittered and deepened and glowed on the glorious Galtee mountains which skirted their eastern horizon. Then a description of each of the children, of which there were now five, and another expected; not forgetting frequent allusions to the old, old quaint house in which they were living while their glebe was repairing, and which had been a hunting lodge of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond, attainted in the reign of Elizabeth, and called Earlsoke, from trees planted there by the hand of his almost equally ill-starred son.

I think you may have perceived in the course of my narrative that I had no great love for Ireland; yet, strange to say, I found myself, on one fine June evening shortly after this, steaming into Dublin Bay. I had been summoned as a witness on an important trial involving some Irish property of which I had been left executor, much to my annoyance. I certainly was wonderfully delighted as we neared the Irish shores; the sun was just setting amidst thin cloudlets of amber, pink and purple, the sea mirroring and retaining these tints in long paths on its smooth surface, and the Wicklow mountains covered with a golden gauze-like haze, yet preserving their tent-like outlines against the darkening sky. As the sun went down, the moon rose and shone out brightly over Killiney hills. I certainly never saw such a beautiful sight, or such a grouping of the points of diversified landscape. Our packet, dashing through the deep clear water, passed many a loitering yacht with snowy sail; many racing boats flew by us as we rounded the white pier of Kingstown; the harbour was crowded with gay crafts, among which loomed a large warship. The whole population seemed to be on the long flat pier; there was music on the water, and the many lights on the shore reflected from the harbour looked like trembling pillars of gold standing in the water. I felt my prejudice against the Irish soil a little abated; and a month's sojourn in the good society of Dublin nearly converted me into a Philo-Hibernian. Here I found learning without pedantry, humour without effort, piety without priggism, enthusiasm for the arts without exclusiveness, much love of literature, a growing taste for the mechanical and agricultural sciences, and thoroughly gentlemanlike hospitality; indeed, they thought they could never make enough of the Dean of Pimlico. So on a fine July day I went down to my newphew, by the Cork and Limerick express train, appointed and worked fully as well as our Great Western; and the same evening found me sitting under a gigantic oak which stood almost opposite the queerest, oddest, and most antique of parsonages—rudely Elizabethan in its architecture, with low walls, lofty chimneys, mullioned windows, and small arched door—a most unique yet tumble down concern. Dear Harry was here, radiant with joy at seeing me; his wife handsomer than ever, much improved and very self-possessed. The children, especially my godson, whom they called the young Dean of Pimlico, healthy bright animals. We had tea and strawberries under the kingly tree, whose hollowed stem I measured next morning, and found it to be twenty-four feet in girth. In the little dark parlour was a wooden scutcheon over the mantle piece, and on it was rudely carved in the Irish or Celtic language an inscription which Harry translated for me in the following fashion, "This is the great Earl of Desmond's hunting lodge, 1570." All the old portion of the house seemed to me very insecure, but the family chiefly inhabited an offshoot which was a much later erection. I spent a delightful month here; Harry was as enthusiastic and as vehement as ever, and a truly active and efficient parish minister. Here was a large body of well-conditioned Protestant yeomanry, farmers and cottiers, and the country was studded with the handsome seats of an educated, well born, and very wealthy gentry. Truly I was amazed, for I always considered that Justice Shallow's observation was peculiarly applicable to Ireland and her sons, "Beggars all—beggars all."

But I must hasten my tale, or the New Year will anticipate its conclusion. In the following December I was again summoned to Dublin, and I spent my Christmas at Earlsoke; they were to leave it in March for their new house, which stood higher up in the valley, and less exposed to the prevailing western gales. The old tree, almost denuded, yet with a few pale brown leaves clinging to its vast arms and distorted branches, looked the very type of gaunt and worn senility; yet the children dearly loved this ancient servitor, regarding it, I believe, next to their parents, and spent most of their play hours climbing amidst its branches, or racing around its stem, or sitting in its hollow. The river ran deep, turbid, and strong. The weather was mild as the year died away, and we had a "green Christmas," yet the place was healthy, and no deaths, thus falsifying an old proverb.

On the last day of the year the season was so sultry that the fire went out of its own accord, and no one thought of renewing it; the sky was of a hazy blue; the air dazzling and trying to the eyes, and the light brassy. A nervous man would have complained of the weather, for the atmosphere seemed pregnant with electricity. We spent the whole day wandering amidst the glades of the earl's deer park; and the sun went down in a burning flush of bright crimson haze, the sky all dotted and flecked with pink clouds and copper coloured lines. I never knew so still an evening. After prayers were over, we walked out before the hall door, to watch the effect of the moonlight streaming on the great tree. The air was even sultry. It was a splendid night, and almost as light as day; the wind rising in light gusts, and voices as it were seeming to come from the old woods, as it fell away into calm again. Suddenly Harry spoke,

"Uncle, do you not hear the galloping of a horse just near the bridge? Who can it be at this hour?"

We all listened, and suspicion became certainty as in about five minutes a man rode through the avenue gate, slamming it violently, and cantered up to the hall door.

"It is young Ashcroft, the earl's gamekeeper from Acton Wood; his brother John must be dying. He has had consumption for the last year. Well, Ashcroft, what's the matter?"

"O, sir, you are wanted immediately; poor John has had a sudden attack, and is sinking rapidly."

In ten minutes Harry was in the saddle; and I, strange to say, loth to lose his company, and delighting in the beauty of the night, determined to accompany him. I was at that time writing a Treatise on Anemology, and I was curious to discover from actual observation how the wind acted on the trees and their branches, and the sound produced thereby. Harry mounted me on his bay cob, a steady animal that had never carried a Dean before; and we set out, after a most ultra-vehement parting between Harry and the little wife, as affectionate and as protracted as if he were about to start for Central Africa, or departed on the Patagonian mission. He spoke about her on our ride, and told me what a treasure of goodness and love she was to him. I told him how much I really admired her, and said I had perceived how finely and sweetly tempered her spirit had become, and finished by quoting to him, old bachelor as I was, some fine lines from Marlow, which run thus:

"The treasures of the deep are not so great
As the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love."

We had a brilliant ride through the woods, over the old bridge, and past the castle, which was all shut up, the family being in London. But the night was evidently changing, and gathering for rain, and large dull masses of cloud were sailing across the moon's face and obscuring her light. In an hour we had reached the ranger's house, embosomed in trees, and we were scarcely in shelter when the storm came on most violently, the thunder rattling and pealing, the lightning flashing every minute with a brilliancy almost blinding, deluging the whole air with fire, and the rain falling in pailfulls; the wind driving it furiously against the window panes, and on the slates of the unceiled house in which we were sheltered. I was now sorry I had come, for the prospect of our home ride was anything but agreeable, and I would willingly have given my "Treatise on Anemology" to its kindred winds, to be once more safely under Earl Desmond's oak, or ensconced in an arm chair at Mary Font's bright fireside. The sick man too was much better; it was a false alarm; he had fainted, and they imagined it to be approaching death. In the midst of my perplexity I could not but admire Harry's great tact and adaptation of himself, as well as his tenderness and care with these poor people; he seemed quite to forget self, to be deaf to the storm and blind to the lightning, while he read the Scriptures, and prayed fervently and simply, and was indeed among them, like his Divine Master, "as one that serveth;" and I confess I was reproved and felt ashamed of my selfishness, when I compared it with his disinterestedness and devotion.

It was now just midnight, and it seemed as if the old year at that dread hour was battling fiercely for his right, as amidst contending elements—the storm, the lightning, the thunder, and the rain—he abdicated his sovereignty, and withdrew in sullen subjection to the fated orb of Time. The clock in the keeper's kitchen had struck twelve; the sick man had fallen asleep; we sat on, and still on, listening to the storm, and watching and praying for a change. And now the clock struck one, and was answered by a peal of thunder that shook the house and the very heavens; the rain flashing against the windows, and the wind whooping, and screaming, and raging out among the dense old woods with a noise and din at once horrible and confounding. Harry was urgent on me to lie down; he was dreadfully pale; yet it could not be from fear, for he had twice ventured out of the house, that he might report on the probable cessation of the storm. Truth to speak, I was thoroughly weary, and, the keeper's bed being bright and sweet, and the sheets like snow, I undressed, and soon slept soundly, and did not wake for many hours, when I thought there appeared a faint dawn; but Harry, who came into the room with a candle, said, "no, it is the moonlight still; but the storm, thank God, is subsiding." He was pale as a corpse, and his clothes appeared to be thoroughly soaked. I quickly rose, and as I was dressing, he told me that, fearing for his wife and family, he had made an effort to reach home shortly after two o'clock. John Ashcroft had accompanied him, and they had ridden swiftly through the woods, keeping to the more open glades, for the boughs were falling and flying; but on reaching the Holmes they found them all flooded, and the bridge entirely swept away, "and so," said Harry, "we came back to wait till dawn. Now, dear uncle, the rain is over, and your horse is ready, and let us start in God's name, for *I* have passed a miserable night; for O, uncle, the walls and the roof of my house never could have stood beneath last night's storm; and where is my wife, and where are my helpless children? O! I am undone unless God has taken them under his special protection, and wrought some miracle on their behalf"; his voice faltered as he spoke, and he turned his head aside. I was indeed greatly affected, and shared his fears, remembering well the bulging walls of the old house, and the toppling mass of heavy chimney work which bestled over the roof, beneath which these poor doves had made their nest.

We rode very fast, getting out on the high road, which was a long circuit, but safe and smooth, passing over the river by a high stone b